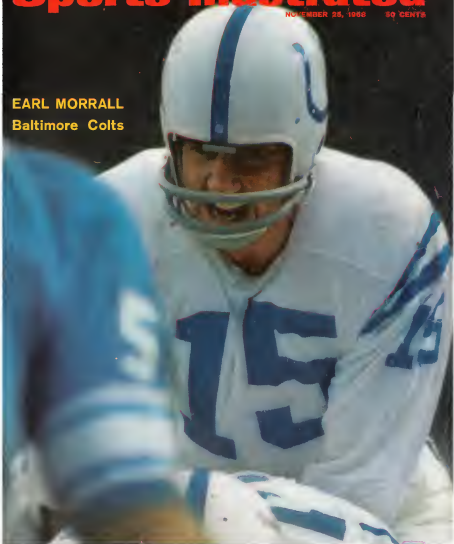


Who Is Deep Enough to Win?

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 25, 1968 50 CENTS

EARL MORRALL
Baltimore Colts





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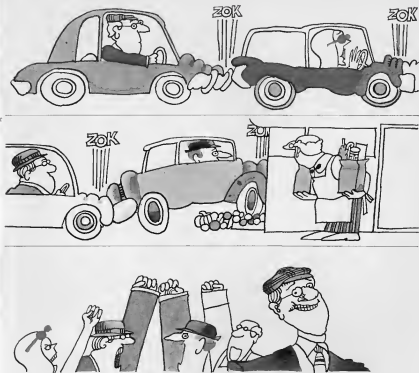


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Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL begins, and it is a season for challenging. UCLA is favored to be the national champion again, but no team has ever won three NCAA titles in a row and the Uclans have their weaknesses. Some of the chief pretenders are shown in color in their native habitats and others are in scouting reports of the top 20 teams. There also will be reports on sectional leaders, small colleges (in particular, Kenyon) and the new trend back to an old art, ball handling. Plus the usual complement of news and features.



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BOOKTALK

A gamecock cast into the wild fights a good fight with a hen Cooper's hawk

I feel the time has passed," writes Daniel P. Mannix in a note at the start of *The Killers* (E. P. Dutton, New York, \$5.95), "when we can dismiss the feeding habits of predators by saying that they eat only harmful rats and mice. The role of the predator as nature is far too complicated and important for that well-meant deception."

To prove his contention in the book that follows, Mannix has set against the tranquil background of the Pennsylvania Dutch countryside a tense and bloody conflict between a female Cooper's hawk and a fighting cock cast into the wild. For those who like allegory, it is here. For those who don't, the book can be read as straight narrative, and a very compelling tale it tells.

Mannix's hawk is named Ishmael: "She was an outcast among outcasts, a pariah's pariah, a female Ishmael of the bird world." The list of her dietary victims reads like the index to a field guide for bird watchers, ranging from the American redstart to the waxwing. It will horrify the Roger Tory Peterson fans. The game bird hunter will feel no less outrage toward the hawk as Ishmael desperately dispatches pheasants, quail and grouse. The general reader may not learn to love the Cooper's hawk but, as he reads, he will come to respect and admire her.

The hawk's enemy is a gamecock, called Whitechuckle after his blood strain. In sharp contrast to Ishmael's in-the-world development, Whitechuckle has matured under the careful supervision of man and is raised for the express purpose of cockfighting.

At the end of his training period, or "keep," Whitechuckle is ready for combat and, presumably, a long and successful career as the cockpit. Unfortunately, during his first, chillingly detailed fight, the pit is raided by the police, and the cock's owner, anxious to destroy all evidence, dumps Whitechuckle from a speeding getaway car. Thus the stage is set for a duel between the hawk and the cock.

In this denouement, allegory and adventure are expertly blended in a morality play that avoids both self-conscious sermonizing and sentimentality. The motives of the combatants are clean and honest. The gamecock fights to protect his newly adopted turf. The hawk, partially crippled and unable to pursue her usual wild diet, is plain hungry.

In the light of modern knowledge, the writer who chooses to speak for or through animals is on dangerous critical ground. Mannix, who has spent most of his life near and with animals, treads it with a sure foot and a clear-eyed unsentimental approach. Like the nature he writes about, he makes no apologies and asks no special indulgence—and he writes a very readable book.

—LENNING DAVIS JR.

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The Eternal Triangle.

You'd think Ralph's new love would have been curtains for me. I mean, it was all he talked about. Well, I learned to live with it. As it turned out, I think his new Charger R/T really

brought us closer together. He's taught me how to shift the 4-speed synchromesh. He lets me pick out the stereo tapes. And clean the vinyl buckets. It's not all bad. He even mentioned marriage once.

DODGE *fever*
The Catch of The Year

SCORECARD

REMEMBER THE RED...

Just when it looked—much to the consternation of the nation's conservationists (SI, April 1)—as though Kentucky's majestic Red River Gorge was a goner, along came a new cause for hope. Governor Louis B. Nunn visited the Red River area recently and came back so impressed with the Gorge's "fantastic beauty" that its survival became "a matter that's on my conscience." Perhaps if government officials made it a practice to look at natural splendors before deciding to obliterate them, they would see that more were protected. The governor is now investigating ways of saving the Gorge, while still providing flood protection and water supplies for central Kentucky towns. That would mean junking the current plan of building a dam at a point that would flood most of the Gorge. We hope some way will be found to relocate or to do without the dam. It's at least refreshing to know that the governor gives one

CROSS IN THE COUNTRY

During the recent Western Athletic Conference cross-country championships at Tempe, Ariz., even WAC Commissioner Wiles Hallock picked up a few points. In trying to get a better view of the race, he jogged into a cactus.

THE DISHERMERITED

How sharper than a duller's hook it is, say the club privs of America, to have a bunch of thankless touring pros. The club men, who give lessons, sell equipment and go home at night, say they have trained, advised and hosted the touring pros, who travel about making headlines and big money, down through the years, free of charge, and now the touring boys have abandoned them.

When virtually all the top money-winning pros split off from the PGA to form the APG and run their own show, the club men were left behind. Some of them are now setting to work to train more young players and build the PGA

back up to where it can challenge the upstart APG. Others are more interested in spiting the deserters. Some of these, taking APG to stand for Arnold Palmer Go, are refusing to sell Palmer equipment. Others are saying that they will no longer extend the traditional courtesy of letting the touring pros play their clubs' courses free of greens fees. One San Francisco club's board of directors recently voted to authorize the home pro to charge any touring pro, and other clubs are expected to follow that lead.

Such official bad relations may be ironed out in meetings this week and later between APG and PGA representatives. But it will be a long time before many club pros extend any heartfelt welcome homes to the stars they view as prodigal sons.

COMPROMISING WILT

Wilt Chamberlain has been criticized for many things in his 10 turbulent years of professional basketball, but never—until this, his first season with the Los Angeles Lakers—for not being high enough. Or, more specifically, for not playing a high-enough post.

The Lakers, now employing three superstars, have risen, as expected (SI, Oct. 14 and Oct. 21), to the leadership of the NBA's Western Division. But they have not been nearly the juggernaut they oughta. The trouble—not completely unforeseen—is that Elgin Baylor and Jerry West have always played with centers who work on or around the foul line—the high post. The high-post center's job is to pass to, and then screen for, men moving past him toward the basket, or to turn and shoot from near the line. Chamberlain, however, is the prototype low-post center. He likes to station himself near the basket, where he can either pass to teammates revolving around him or take one giant step to the basket for dunks, and where he can also get plenty of offensive rebounds. In that area he creates too much congestion for Bay-

lor or West to drive through handily.

Coach Bill van Breda Kolff hasn't resolved the issue for good, but so far he has been asking Wilt, rather than the others, to give. Reluctantly, Wilt has spent more and more time in the high post. "If the coach wants it that way, that's what I'm willing to do," he says. "But it definitely hurts my rebounding game. My feeling is negative, but I fight it down in the best interest of the team. I must go along until I feel that I can't."

So far it is Chamberlain who has been chided by the press, but he is also the one who has made all the compromises. Those most sympathetic to Wilt charge that he is being asked to become an imitation Darrall Imhoff (the merely semiheroic high-post center whom he replaced). There are those observers who expect Wilt to reach the can't-go-along point before much longer.

JUST A LITTLE TIP

W. T. Overton of Dallas shot a nine-foot bear on a recent hunting trip in Alaska and had it mounted, all of it, on all



fours, for his office. But when it arrived he found it was just a little too long to go on the elevator, either head on or sideways. Overton departed town on business, leaving the manager of the office building holding the bear.

Someone suggested renting a crane to hoist the bear up to a window. But the going rate for cranes, the manager learned, was \$250 an hour. So he telephoned Jonas and Powers, the Denver taxidermists who had mounted the bear, and offered to pay someone's way to Dallas for consultation. Out of professional

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

pride a representative of the firm did come, all the way from Denver. He took one look at the elevator and the bear and suggested, "Why don't you tip it?"

They did, the bear fit fine that way, and the taxidermist took a plane back to Denver.

NOT SO FAST, THERE

In sports, the race—or the sprint, at any rate—is almost invariably to the swift. But the puss may not be, if the swift get any faster.

Those were roughly the sentiments of San Francisco 49ers Quarterback John Brodie and his coach, Dick Nolan, the other day on learning that Jimmy Hines had been signed by the Miami Dolphins as a receiver, after running the Olympic 100 meters in 9.9.

"They'd better not run much faster," said Brodie, "or a quarterback won't be able to throw that far that fast," Nolan, who used to be on the coaching staff of the Dallas Cowboys, agreed. "In Dallas once we lined up at the 50, Don Meredith took his usual drop, a three-count, and let the ball go. Bob Hayes, who had taken off at the snap, was running out of the end zone before the ball got there."

It sounds like a worse problem than the pitchers getting ahead of the hitters in baseball.

ROUGH STUFF

In the recent Philadelphia-Seattle basketball game in Boston Garden the 76ers' 6' 9", 240-pound Lucious Jackson scored on one of the most convincing stuff shots of our time. It tore down the rim and pulled a big chunk out of the shatterproof-glass backboard, ending its career. That must be what you call dominating the boards.

PLUMBING THE THAMES

Cockneys peered in puzzlement over the granite embankments of London's Thames last week. Among the heavy barges, in the shadows of Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament, they could actually see people fishing. It was part of an official experiment conducted by the Greater London Council: twenty-five crack coarse-fishing tournament men tried for four hours, from Battersea to Blackfriars, to see if there were any freshwater fish to be had in the heart of London. Huddled beneath huge umbrellas and swaddled in layers of sweaters, they

continued

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SCORECARD (continued)

sat on the decks of barges and offered down lobworms, brandlings, bread paste and gentles (maggots). Several bites were announced, but the weigh-in amounted to naught ounces.

For the past 20 years the Council has been trying to clean up the lower Thames, and now it is at least no longer necessary to have one's stomach evacuated after falling in. But a \$42 million cleansing program is still insufficient to handle the 500 million gallons of sewage—mostly human waste—discharged into the river daily. Because of the shifting tides, it takes three months for an item of sewage to reach the sea.

The Thames used to be one of the best salmon rivers in Europe. Henry VIII's tame polar bear used to be let out on a chain to catch Thames salmon for his majesty, and as late as 1798 some 400 fishermen made their living on the river. In this century 100,000 salmon have been planted in the Thames, but the last recorded catch was in 1833.

BREAKS OF THE GAME

As the Oakland Raiders scored twice in the last minute to beat the New York Jets last Sunday, NBC-TV cut to two commercials and then a children's special. (Later, as a little crippled girl was crawling and struggling to walk, a bulletin showing the final score crept by just below her.) We were reminded that while there are hardships involved in going to a football game in person, at least it never plunges you into *Heidi*.

SPORTIF, OU NON?

One had assumed that the French through history had specialized more in a sound mind than in a sound body, notwithstanding the episode of Mike Bardo. But a recent poll conducted by the French Ministry of Youth and Sports suggests that France is veering in the direction of physical fitness. Almost twice as many adult Frenchmen (30%) practice a sport today, the Ministry has reported, as did five years ago. Swimming was found most popular, followed by "walking" and gymnastics. As for teenagers, almost three of four said they pursue some sport, especially cycling.

Paris' *Le Monde*, however, responded to the report with intellectual caution. "The bather declares himself a swimmer," the paper said in an editorial, "the stroller a walker, the leisurely bike rider

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er a cyclist, and the father of a family who does a bit of corrective calisthenics on the beach calls himself a gymnast. In daily life the city dweller willingly considers himself "sportif" if, instead of taking a bus, he walks six city blocks from the apartment to the office."

We are not saying anything. We know some American sports who sit around all afternoon and consider themselves quarterbacks.

STANDING ON SLIPPERY

It is fall again and "Slippery Rock" is heard throughout the land, followed by laughter. Each time a Slippery Rock score is announced at a stadium the crowd is convulsed: it is more surefire than Brooklyn. There are Slippery Rock booster clubs spread over the country, and the official pennant of the 4,000-student state college in Western Pennsylvania reads, "Yes, There Is a Slippery Rock."

"People hear such scores as Slippery Rock 14, Indiana 6 or Slippery Rock 7, California 6, and they say 'Sure, Ha Ha.' " says Slippery Rock publicist Joe Mancini. "But it happens that there are towns in Pennsylvania named Indiana and California, and they have colleges that we play." (This year, however, the scores were Indiana 44, Slippery Rock 15, and California 42, Slippery Rock 6. Over the past eight years, the Rockets have a 41-34-6 record in the Pennsylvania State College Conference.)

"We get all sorts of requests for pennants and T shirts and decals," Mancini goes on. "People will write in and enclose a check and ask for a sweat-shirt and anything else it might cover. They say, 'Please send me five dollars' worth of Slippery Rock.' " As a matter of fact, the school is thinking of pursuing such business seriously, with the proceeds to go to the athletic department. "It is an amusing name," Mancini concedes, "and it would be foolish for us to fight it."

THEY SAID IT

• Dan Devine, Missouri football coach, on hearing that tickets for the Nov. 23 game with Kansas were being hawked by scalpers for \$35: "If that's true, my wife has just lost her ticket."

• Vince Lombardi, general manager of the Green Bay Packers: "A real executive goes around with a worried look on his assuantes."

END

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THOSE UPPITY BLUES

Not content with carving up their fellow expansionists, St. Louis' hockeymen have been irreverent in their treatment of the NHL establishment, thanks to a pair of vintage goalies, a smart coach and generous owners **by MARK MULVOY**

In every sports crowd there is a bomb thrower who refuses to show proper reverence for a myth, and this year the amount of myth-mauling has been scandalous. Mickey Lolich beats Bob Gibson in the seventh game of the World Series; Kipphoge Keino outruns Jim Ryan in Mexico City; Bill Bradley, sacred ornament of the New York Knicks, is booed in Madison Square Garden. Now come the St. Louis Blues of the infant West Division of the National Hockey League—the dogmat wing, the humpty loop—to propose that on any given rink they can damn well skate those cocky East teams right up into the stands.

Last week the Blues did their bit of myth-destroying by playing Boston to a 1-1 tie on the Bruins' ice, by defeating the Rangers 3-1 in New York and by tying the Detroit Red Wings 1-1 in St. Louis—losing a victory only because the Wings got a rather desperate goal with 22 seconds left to play. Expansion teams are just not supposed to win four of a possible six points in three successive games against the establishment.

Since the Blues have also won five of eight games with their West rivals, they have taken a solid four-point lead in their divisional race and are headed right back for another run at the Stanley Cup. This is the team that was in last place in the West at this time a year ago. What's happened?

1) St. Louis has the best pair of goal-

tenders ever to play on the same team, 39-year-old Jacques Plante and 37-year-old Glenn Hall. Hall is the gentleman of delicate digestion but ferocious determination who used to keep 'em out for Chicago and who was voted the outstanding player in the Stanley Cup, even in defeat. Plante, coming off a three-year retirement, is the famed asthmatic who played for Montreal and New York, and was the first goalie to wear a mask and the first to ramble away from the goal to stop the puck for his defensemen.

2) St. Louis has hockey's shrewdest young coach and general manager: 35-year-old Scotty Bowman, who learned his trade in the Montreal Canadiens' organization.

3) St. Louis has the most generous management family in hockey: Sidney Solomon Jr. and his son, Sid Solomon III.

The Solomons pay Hall some \$48,000, considerably more than he ever received during his 10 years with the Black Hawks in Chicago, and Plante about \$35,000, which is \$15,000 more than he ever earned in his best year with Montreal. "To tell the truth, I never dreamed of getting a salary like this," Plante said. The two goaltenders also have private rooms on the road, something they never had before.

Last May the Solomons treated all the Blues to a Florida vacation, and in September flew the team to the Mari-

times for a leisurely week of golf, hunting and fishing. The Solomons also have spent \$2 million refurbishing the old St. Louis Arena so that spectators can see games in comfort and with reasonable sight lines.

When the Blues returned home last Saturday night after a six-game road trip, a standing-room-only crowd of 15,117 packed the arena, raising average attendance to 13,500 for the first seven home games, only two of which were against established teams.

The Solomons are entirely happy to count the houses and leave hockey matters to Bowman, a man with a gift for trades. Last year he acquired Red Berenson from the Rangers, and Berenson was so taken with his new job that he was voted the West Division's most valuable player. Two weeks ago Berenson scored six goals in one game against Philadelphia, which makes him the West's most fantastic player.

But beyond doubt Bowman's chief coup has been the care and feeding of Hall and Plante. After last season Seth Martin, who had alternated with Hall, decided to retire, and Hall thought he might retire, too. Now Bowman has this belief that the fate of all expansion teams for the next few years is going to be

continued

Masked Jacques Plante stops a Ranger rush during sweet 2-1 Blues triumph last week.





determined by the performance of their goaltenders. The new teams, he reasons, cannot match the total offensive strength of the established clubs. Each Western team has one or two goal-scoring threats at most, while every East team has half a dozen or more. St. Louis may have Berenson, but Chicago, for example, merely starts off the scoring with Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita.

To begin to compensate for this imbalance, Bowman has looked for defensive-minded players. His defensemen rarely lead a rush up the ice; they take their sweet, safe time and wait for solid openings. This style of play has enabled such veterans as Doug Harvey, 43, and Al Arbour, 36, to play regularly for the Blues long after the old six-team NHL discarded them to the minors.

Still, the hub of a sound defense is in goal, and last June the Blues faced the disturbing prospect of losing both their goaltenders. Bowman learned that Plante, who had retired in 1965 when his wife fell ill, wanted to make a comeback, so he drafted Jacques from the Rangers. "We both knew he could still play goal," Bowman said. "After all, he hadn't quit because he couldn't do the job. I told him what we would pay him. I told him he would play no less than 30 games and probably no more than 40. And I told him we always had a job for him in the St. Louis organization. He's an intelligent person, a good speaker, an excellent teacher. All this impressed him, and he signed immediately."

A few weeks later Bowman called Hall, who was painting the barn on his 480-acre farm in Stony Plain, Alta. Glenn's son Pat answered, and Bowman asked him, "How's your dad?" Pat said, "He's in great shape." When Glenn got to the phone, Bowman said to him, "So you're returning, eh?" Hall: "Whosays?" Bowman: "Your son." Hall: "Oh!" Bowman flew up to see Glenn at the end of July and signed him then.

Hall and Plante are being platooned intelligently. Generally Hall will play two games, then Plante will play two. However, Bowman does not intend to play either goalie on successive nights. Bowman also has instituted a new spare-goalie system for them. Normally teams carry

only two goaltenders on their roster. One goalie plays while the other sits at the end of the bench, ready to go on in an emergency. Bowman prefers to give one goalie the night off when the other is playing rather than subject him to a cold, hard bench to no purpose. "It would be an insult," he says. Instead, he dresses young Robbie Irons as his alternate, emergency goalie.

Last Wednesday in New York, Hall started in goal, so Plante sat in the Blues' broadcast booth. An attendant passed through and offered Jacques a soft drink. He declined politely. "I am not playing in the goal tonight," he said in his crisp, French-accented voice, "but in hockey you never know what will happen. While I may sit up here, I can't have the coffee, the hot dog, the mustard. Sorry. Thank you."

Down on the ice Hall had a strange new look as he cleared the ice shavings from the goal mouth. For 13 years in the NHL, Hall had defied and defeated the Beliveaus and Howes and Geoffrions and Mahoviches without wearing a mask. Attesting to this are the more than 250 stitches that have been sewn into his head since 1955. This night, though, Hall was wearing a mask. "I want to be sure I can collect my paycheck personally from now on," he said. "I don't want it mailed to the Good Samaritan Hospital . . . or Cemetery." (Plante recalls the night he introduced mask-wearing: "It was on Nov. 2 in 1959 against the Rangers in New York," he said. "I already had four broken noses, a broken jaw, two broken cheekbones and about 200 stitches in my head. I didn't care how it looked. I was afraid my face would look like the mask, the way I was going.")

Hall and his mask survived for only two minutes and one second against the Rangers. Shortly after the opening face-off Vic Hadfield of the Rangers scored on a 75-foot shot that danced around in midair and then dropped behind Hall's right shoulder. Moments later Referee Vern Buffey called a delay-of-game penalty on the Blues' Noel Picard—a seemingly arbitrary call at best. Hall now was really angry. He said a no-no to Buffey, then poked at the referee with his glove. Such a display automatically incurs ejection, so Hall was ordered to the dressing room for the night.

Enter Robbie Irons. As Plante rushed to the locker room to get dressed for ac-

tion, Irons fielded a few practice shots. The first two were wide of the net. The third was aimed for the corner of the goal. He kicked out his leg—and *thwack*. He hurt his ankle—or did he? Anyway, Irons limped off the ice, and the Rangers, leading 1-0 at the time, complained vigorously that the Blues were stalling. With Plante a few minutes away, who wouldn't stall?

Eventually Irons played just two minutes and 59 seconds. Then, at exactly 5:00 of the period, Plante skated onto the ice, flipped down his mask and moved into the goal. He shut out the Rangers for the next 55 minutes, and the Blues rallied to win the game 3-1.

Plante was scheduled to play against the Red Wings on Saturday night, with Hall looking on from the press box. For 59 minutes and 38 seconds Jacques repelled everything that Gordie Howe and Frank Mahovitch and the rest of the Wings shot at him. Then Alex Delvecchio wound up all alone with the puck, just to Plante's right. Jacques made his move, Delvecchio waited, Jacques was sprawled now—and Delvecchio backhanded the puck over him and into the net. Up to that moment Plante had compiled a total of 142 consecutive shutout minutes against Montreal, New York and the Wings.

The beautiful thing for goalie connoisseurs is that the styles of Hall and Plante are totally different. Hall depends upon his reflexes. He moves back into his net, defying the shooter to beat him, and does a partial split, with his feet working toward the goalposts. He thinks the day of the reflex goalie is near an end, however, because of the curved sticks that most players now use. "Reflex goalies won't be able to survive against the curved stick," he said. "The puck comes twice as fast at times, and it rises or dips. It's brutal."

Plante works in the classic stand-up style. He rarely goes to the ice; instead, he moves out toward the shooter and tries to narrow the angles.

Both Plante and Hall have sons who play hockey. Would they want them to play the goal?

"Definitely," says Plante. "There's no other place."

"I'd discourage him," says Hall. "There are better spots to be in."

But where could he have more fun than in St. Louis, sticking it to the big-gees of the East?

END

Back in St. Louis, Plante (left) ascends to the Detroit. Glenn Hall wears mask in brief New York appearance, checks his pads in St. Louis.

BIG E FOR ELVIN'S TWO BIG EFFORTS

His coach didn't let him go head-to-head with Chamberlain and Russell on successive nights, but Hayes wowed 'em anyway by PAT PUTNAM

It was a natural, no matter which way the dice fell. Elvin Hayes, the super-rookie from Houston, fresh from a 34-point outburst against Detroit and ready to take on the world, was taking on Walt Chamberlain and Bill Russell with-in a 24-hour period. Pro basketball fans could hardly wait. But someone forgot to tell Jack McMahon, the thick-necked Irishman who coaches the Big E at San Diego.

Darn that McMahon, anyway—no sense of the dramatic. What he did on Friday night in Los Angeles was to start Hayes at forward for the first time this year. And the closest Hayes got to Wilt all night was in the fourth quarter when he stole a rebound out of the big fellow's hands, dribbled the length of the court and slammed home as pretty a layup as you'll ever want to see. Poor Wilt. He just stood there at the other end of the court, arms outstretched and wondering what you have to do to put down a young upstart like that.

Of course, you've got to give Chamberlain credit. When Hayes came bounding back up the court, Wilt slid over and said, "Hey, E, you're hitting pretty good tonight." Pretty good? That's like telling Orphan Annie she's looking younger every comic strip. All Hayes did as a forward, in his first experience at that position as a pro, was score 38 points. Not bad for a kid who, because he idolizes Bill Russell, thinks the name of the game is defense.

"I remember when I used to watch NBA games on television," Hayes was saying last Friday afternoon. "I figured all they did was run up and down the court. Run and shoot. Nothing but offense. I figured I'd have a field day against the pros. Shoot, I thought, if those guys don't zone me or put three guys on me, I'll score a million points a game." Then he grinned and shook his head. "Boy, did I find out the hard way just how wrong I was. This league is nothing but defense—hard-nosed, take-it-to-them, hang-them-around defense. This is a rugged game, and if you don't have a strong constitution you had better keep your bags packed, because you're not going to be around very long."

If Hayes discovered he was wrong about the way the pros play the game, he also discovered he had the constitution. Going into his back-to-back appointments with Chamberlain and Russell, he had grabbed 249 rebounds and averaged 29.9 points a game during 617 minutes of combat in the Rockets' first 14 games. Usually he plays the full 48 minutes. Until Friday night he played nowhere but at center, although he was an All-America forward his last two seasons at Houston.

"Look at it this way," a club official was saying after Friday night's game, which Los Angeles won 127-119, "basketball is a game of confidence, and after scoring 34 points against Detroit Elvin is at a point where he figures he can



As Wilt can do nothing but watch, Elvin

take on anybody. Now, don't you think it would be silly of McMahon to bring him along to that point and then ask him to go up against Chamberlain and Russell on successive nights? Nobody goes up against those two guys and comes out feeling good. A thing like that could set Hayes back half a season."

The last to argue that point probably would be Elvin Hayes. He's confident, certainly; but he's also intelligent and just a shade in awe of the two towering veterans. Awed but unafraid.

"Last summer, while Russell was in Los Angeles making a TV film," Hayes said, "he spent three days coaching me. One thing he told me was that Wilt was going to get his 20, 30 points a game, and he was going to get his rebounds, and nobody in the world was going to stop him. If Wilt wants to score, well, he's just going to score. Where you have to stop him is on his assists, his assists



dunks one against the Lakers on Friday. The next night, with a big E on his back, he gets the tip from Russell on a jump ball



up the middle. Bill said if you don't stop him there he'll destroy you."

Hayes began to laugh. "That dunk shot of Wilt's, it's inhuman. Not a man in the world can stop that, and I'd sure hate to be the one that had to try. One time I was under the basket when he dunked a shot. The force was unbelievable, unreal. I remember Nate Thurmond telling me—he said, 'Elvin, don't go in there and get yourself hurt.'"

Chamberlain also met with Hayes before the season began. That was in New York when they both played in the Dr. Martin Luther King benefit game. Wilt had this bit of advice for the 6' 9", 230-pound rookie: "Elvin, there are certain things you can't do when you play against me. Now, you can go outside and make the shot. But if you come inside on me, I'll take the ball away from you. O.K.?"

"O.K.," said Elvin Hayes.

Saturday night, when Russell moved in with his front-running Celtics, McMahon was right back with his confidence game. Hayes was at forward; poor Henry Finkel was the center. With Russell, the master defender, usually a safe distance away, Hayes poured in 26 points and had 17 rebounds. (Boston won, of course, 120-112.)

"With Russell," said Hayes, "you never know what to expect. He has such great lateral movement. He's always got an angle on you. He told me that he can take just two steps and block a shot from any position on the court. I remember the first time I was matched up against him. I was out in the corner and he was under the basket. I figured it was safe to shoot. But as I went up, there he was, tipping the shot. I said to him, 'Big Bill, why do you have to hustle so against a poor little rookie like me?' He said, 'Elvin,

I've got a reputation to protect.'"

Later Saturday night Russell sat in the visitors' dressing room, tired but more than a little pleased with Hayes's performance. "That Elvin—saying I'm his idol," said Russell gruffly, but grinning. "It's darn embarrassing. But he's a good kid. And he's going to be a great player. He's outstanding right now, but, of course, he's got a lot to learn."

"Like what?" someone asked.

Russell's laughter, deep and rich, boomed out. "I can't hardly tell him that. At least not while we're still playing." Then he added, softly, "But if he was to ask me himself, I'd tell him."

Russell shook his head. "There's just one thing—when he gets out on the court and tries talking to me. Now that's my game. But I don't listen to him. The only time I listen to anybody out there is when I'm the one doing the talking."

O.K., Elvin?

END

MANY SUBSTITUTES FOR VICTORY

As the toll of injured stars mounts—Unitas, Sayers, Reeves, Lundy—it appears that in some divisions of the NFL and AFL the winner will not necessarily be the best team but the one with the strongest reserves

by **TEX MAULE**

It began as a routine sweep of left end by Chicago's Gale Sayers, the best runner in pro football. With a blocker in front of him, Sayers tried to cut inside but San Francisco's Kermit Alexander, moving up from his cornerback position, submarined, catching Sayers' right knee with his shoulder and bending it back. Down went Sayers, his face contorted in agony, down for the rest of the season. Without him the Bears, who were leading the Central Division, are surely dead.

Several months earlier the Baltimore Colts were confronted with an equally grave problem. Johnny Unitas felt something pop in his elbow during an exhibition game and suddenly the future of the Colts depended on Earl Morrall (see cover), who had spent 12 indifferent seasons with four NFL clubs. Morrall, who had just been obtained from the Giants as insurance, took over the Baltimore attack and has led the team to a 9-1 record and the favorite's role in the Coastal Division. Unlike the Bears, the Colts are very much alive.

Over the years injuries have decided more pro football championships than coaches, stars or the oblique bounce of the ball. Victory often goes to the team with the smallest casualty list or the

strongest reserves and this year, as the cases of the Bears and Colts illustrate, as no exception. As week after week the bodies are dragged from the field, the question seems to be not who is good enough to win but who is deep enough? Not that pro football is getting more brutal. There are more injuries today than ever before, true, but that is because players are so much bigger and faster, and because so many more of them are in action every Sunday afternoon. Only 12 teams played pro football in 1958, each carrying 35 men instead of 40. With 26 teams playing now, it is natural to expect more injuries.

The dilution of talent that goes with expansion also has made casualties far more important. When only 12 teams shared the college seniors each year, the quality of every squad was high. In the early '50s, for example, the Los Angeles Rams had two outstanding quarterbacks—Bob Waterfield and Norman Van Brocklin—plus Bobby Thomason, who subsequently was a starter for the Philadelphia Eagles. The Rams also had three quality fullbacks—Dick Hoerner,

Dan Towler and Tank Younger—and near-comparable depth at other positions. While not every team was so well stocked, most had quality in depth. Today, with the talent spread among 26 teams, the contrast between the starter and his replacement is often drastic. The Earl Morralls of modern pro football are rare.

The Dallas Cowboys lost Halfback Dan Reeves early in the season. He has been replaced by Craig Baynham, a second-year back, and by Les Shy, in his third season. Says Coach Tom Landry, "Experience is the key to success when you are at championship level. The absence of a key player such as Reeves can make the difference in whether your team can win the championship. Reeves was a major playmaker around the goal line. He seemed to get in there more than anyone else when we really needed to. The option pass was a big weapon for us last year. As a former quarterback, Reeves could handle it well. I can recall six or seven for touchdowns."

Even without Reeves, the Cowboys have had a strong offense, but the Rams, also minus a first-line halfback, have suffered a marked drop-off in their attack. Les Josephson, the offensive co-captain and the leading ballcarrier in the Coastal Division in 1967, has been out all season with a torn Achilles' tendon. His replacements—Willie Ellison and hobbling veteran Tommy Mason—are pale carbon copies.

continued

The Dallas offense has suffered without Dan Reeves (top), whose replacement, Craig Baynham (backing in for a touchdown), runs well but lacks Reeves's ability to throw the option pass.





Baltimore's Terry Cole can run, but the Colts miss the blocking of injured Jerry Hill.

Dick Bass, the rest of the Ram ground attack, has also had injuries, and Henry Dyer, his replacement, is painfully shy of experience. Thus hampered, the Rams have found their air game damaged as well, since opponents now ignore the run and send their defensive line after Quarterback Roman Gabriel. The Rams have had injuries in other positions, but those filling in have been better than adequate. Lamar Lundy, the oldest member of the front four, is out for the year, but young Gregg Schumacher has done nobly at defensive end. Chuck Lamson, a safety, was wiped out by a knee injury, but from Atlanta the Rams obtained veteran Ron Smith, who has filled the gap.

The Colts, having survived the Unitas problem, were faced with another when Fullback Jerry Hill was lost for the season. Baltimore has a good runner in rookie Terry Cole, a sensation during the exhibition season, but Cole lacks Hill's ability as a blocker. Hill's absence both in pass protection and ahead of the ballcarrier may diminish the Baltimore offense.

San Francisco might have been a contender had not much of a good offensive line been erased by a combination of injury and trades. The key injury came in October of 1967 when John Thomas, a 250-pound guard who was regarded as one of the best in the league, broke both knees on the same play. Thomas has not been able to come back from the injury and his replacements are only C-plus. John David Crow was converted from running back to replace veteran Monty Stickles, gone in the expansion draft, at tight end. Although he has made the changeover commendably, Crow does not block with the authority that made Stickles a valuable element in the 49er running game.

In the Century Division the Cleveland Browns have endured adversity better than most. They lost two good players early. Fullback Ernie Green sprained his left knee before the season began, and did not show full speed when he returned in late October. Gary Collins, a key receiver in Cleveland's potent passing game, went out for the season in the fourth game, suffering a shoulder separation. Then, two weeks ago, veteran End Bill Glass suffered fractured ribs.

The Browns, after stumbling through their early games, were picked up when Bill Nelsen replaced Frank Ryan at quar-

terback. The replacements for Green—Charley Harraway, a third-year man, and Charlie Leigh, a rookie who did not play college football—lack Green's running and blocking ability, but they have shown enough to provide variety and an opportunity for Leroy Kelly, second best runner in the league after Sayers, to break loose. Eppie Barney, filling in for Collins, has speed, but lacks Collins' flair for opening up on deep passes. As a consequence, Paul Warfield, the other Brown deep receiver, is often double-teamed. The replacement for Glass, Jack Gregory, a second-year player from Chattanooga, has been adequate.

Of all the contending teams in the NFL, the Browns' rival for the division championship, the St. Louis Cardinals, have perhaps been the most fortunate. Jerry Stovall, their veteran strong safety, missed the first six games of the season, and Coach Charley Winner never discovered a really adequate replacement. Thus the Cards were, during that time, vulnerable to passes to the tight end. Now Stovall is back. Johnny Roland, the Cardinals' outstanding young runner, has never completely regained his 1966-67 form following a knee operation, but he seems to be improving. The only other injury of consequence suffered by the Cards happened two weeks ago when Middle Linebacker Jamie Rivers, a strong Rookie of the Year candidate, strained a knee ligament that will kyo him for three games. The Cardinals, fortunately, have a reasonably good replacement for Rivers in Mike Strofolino.

Of all the divisions, the most battle-scarred is the Central. The Minnesota Vikings, with only three major disasters, are the healthiest. The Vikings lost their players early; if a club must experience injuries, it is better to have them early so that the replacements have time to settle in and adjust. The worst Viking casualty was Dave Osborn, top runner in the division last year, who needed a knee operation after the second exhibition game. Clinton Jones, a No. 1 draft choice in 1967, replaced Osborn and has done well, having been given time to fit in to the offense. Starting Flanker Bobby Grim went out with a bad knee on the first day of training camp, but veteran Tom Hall, although not as fast, has a better knack for getting free on medium-range passes.

Finally the Vikings lost Gary Cuozzo,

continued



Minnesota's Clint Jones hasn't made people forget Dave Osborn, but he is seeing the pain.



Los Angeles' Henry Dyer has been unable to fill gaps left by Les Josephson and Dick Bass.



who was battling Joe Kapp for the quarterback spot. He jammed his shoulder before the start of the season, then broke a collarbone in the Vikings' fourth game. Kapp has played capably, and now that Cuozzo has been taken off the injury list he gives Minnesota excellent backup strength.

Green Bay, one of the deepest teams in football, has been stripped of almost all its defensive linemen. Not even the Packers could adjust to the series of injuries that crippled Tackles Jim Weatherwax, Henry Jordan and Ron Kostelnik and hampered Defensive Ends Lionel Aldridge, Willie Davis and Bob Brown.

Add to that list Bart Starr, who missed two games with a pulled bicep muscle, and All-Pro Guard Jerry Kramer, who injured a knee and missed two games. The Packers are a versatile club; they compensated for the Kramer injury by moving Forrest Gregg over from tackle and putting in Francis Peay, a young lineman they obtained from New York, to replace Gregg. Peay has done an exceptional job for Green Bay, but he cannot help the defensive line, where the damage has been done.

Detroit, whose offense depends heavily upon the running of Mel Farr and the passing of Bill Munson, had no quality replacements available when both missed games with injuries. Greg Landry, a rookie quarterback from Massachusetts, stood in for Munson in the opener against Dallas and threw four interceptions, not unusual for a rookie. No other Lion running back was remotely in Farr's class. Now, with Munson and Farr healthy, they have had to find a replacement for Defensive End Joe Robb, who was injured two weeks ago.

The poor Bears had already lost two quarterbacks—starter Jack Concannon (broken collarbone) and Rudy Bukich (shoulder separation)—before the Sayers calamity. The team was forced to call upon a graduate of the taxi squad, Virgil Carter. An uncertain passer in his first few games, he depended heavily on the magical running of Sayers. That was good enough to lead the team to four straight victories and a tie for the division lead. With Sayers out for the season, his duties fall to Brian Piccolo, not even a pseudo-Sayers. To compound the

problem, Carter himself was carried off on a stretcher last week, out for the season with a broken ankle.

AFL contenders have suffered almost as much as the strong teams in the NFL. Kansas City, bereft of wide receivers, went back to the old tight T for one game to beat Oakland. The Raiders lost Daryle Lammonica for a game and had to rely on 41-year-old George Blanda. San Diego, the third contender in the West, has had five players operated on for knee injuries: Fullback Brad Hubbert, Linebacker Rick Redman, Safety Jim Hill, Back Keith Lincoln and Defensive Tackle George Gross. The Buffalo Bills, of course, have gone through four quarterbacks. The New York Jets have been lucky, but their best runner, Emerson Boozer, took most of the first half of the season to get his legs under him after a knee operation and still is not right.

With four weeks of the season remaining, there will surely be other injuries that will have an effect on the division races. Of the contending teams in the four NFL divisions, the Dallas Cowboys are probably best prepared for such an event. Don Meredith, who has a battered knee, is backed by husky Craig Morton, an excellent No. 2. But the New York Giants, trailing Dallas by a game, would be in deep trouble if their quarterback, Fran Tarkenton, were hurt. In fact, one reason the Giants are tech-

nically in contention is that they have been comparatively free from injuries.

In the Coastal Division only Baltimore appears capable of sustaining its drive despite more injuries. Unfat is behind Morrall, but it is doubtful he could play even if Morrall were hurt. Jim Ward is healthy, though, and might be adequate at quarterback. Elsewhere, the Colts are stocked with good second-stringers. The Rams, already decimated, would be hard put if a player like Deacon Jones or Merlin Olsen went out or if one of their thin line of receivers were injured.

Only Minnesota, in the Central Division, appears deep enough to shake off injury. With Cuozzo back, they have two good quarterbacks, and Osborn may return before the season ends. In the Century Division the Cardinals are healthier than the Browns but are not as well equipped to take an injury at quarterback, where Jim Hart is backed by a rusty Charley Johnson. Behind Nelsen, of course, stands Frank Ryan.

No club can match Baltimore's super sub. Says Unfat: "Morrall has been fantastic. He's picked up the system and he throws pretty good."

"The good thing about Morrall," says Coach Don Shula, "is that we always have a homecoming for him. He gets himself up for his old team."

And he has beaten all of them. Maybe as No. 2 he tries harder. **END**



The sun sets prophetically over Virgil Carter (left) soon after Gale Sayers is led away. Last Sunday Carter himself became a casualty.

GOLF TOURNAMENT ITALIAN STYLE

The World Cup competition was held last weekend at one of Rome's two courses. A Monaco shot a hole in one and two Chinese led most of the way, until an old Canadian pro showed them how to win **by DAN JENKINS**

In the World Cup golf tournament, which keeps getting itself staged in places you thought only Lowell Thomas knew about, most of the field would not be able to survive the cut in Muleshoe's annual member-guest. But there is something wonderfully intriguing about a spectacle that gets a Rumanian out of his country for the first time in 31 years, that sees a Monaco amateur make a hole in one and still shoot 85, that turns up a Finnish pro getting the shakes before a gallery of three, that produces an Italian fan who pays his \$4.50 for a ticket and thinks it entitles him to stroll out on the greens and chat with the players, and that, best of all, invents a couple of inscrutable Chinese who steal much of the glory until the last egg has been rolled by Canada.

This was the championship they played last week on a onetime Thoroughbred farm outside Rome in weather that did not make a fellow want to get in his chariot and take a few laps around the old Circus Maximus. This was the World Cup, once known as the Canada Cup, a bringing together of two-man teams from 43 nations under the auspices of the International Golf Association in the grand and noble spirit of goodwill toward duck hooks and high slices, earthwise.

The tournament has been going on for 16 years, and it has turned up in some marvelous places for Nikons and Leicas—Tokyo, Madrid, Paris, Dorado Beach, Buenos Aires and Maui, to mention a few. It has discovered more countries that do not play golf than the Masters, and it has asked most of its competitors to travel like an Olympic torch to reach the first tee. But so what? Golf is no longer the exclusive pastime of Scots, Englishmen and Americans, and last week was Rome's turn to make like a Motor City Open. At the Olgiata Golf Club, Italian royalty, socialites, movie stars, embassy employees and Via Veneto strollers wandered around curiously in the wind and drizzle to stare at a hand-

ful of big names—Gary Player, Julius Boros, Lee Trevino, Roberto DeVicenzo and George Knudson, mainly—and more often, when watching Swedes, Austrians, Finns and Czechs, to ponder what is so tricky about the game. All you got to do is grab a bunch of sticks and go thrash around in the trees.

The tournament had an eerie quality, all the way to Canada's victory, for anyone accustomed to the U.S. circuit. The Olgiata club, first of all, was a death-defying one-hour taxi ride from downtown Rome, way out among some beautiful hills where it was carved from an estate owned by the Marchese Mario Incisa della Rocchetta, a chunk of real estate that includes a stud farm (where, incidentally, the undefeated Ribot was trained). For the World Cup the club was all decked out in more advertising than an Indy car, not the least of which was a huge banner across the main drive that said "Esso Unifilo." Pretty well decked out, too, was the sparse crowd, which, in all its jewels, minkis, pants suits, furs and lockjaw expressions, looked more like it was headed for a George Plimpton party.

It was, as a matter of fact, one of the few major golfing events in all of the history of the Eternal City. The Eisenhower Cup for amateurs had been played at Olgiata a few years back, but before that an exhibition constituted a major event. Fred Corcoran, the untiring World Cup director and an old familiar figure in golf, remembered Gene Sarazen and Johnny Farrell once playing a match at the only other course in Rome, the Acquasanta (which means Holy Water), with Benito Mussolini gallantry in an armored car.

The way some of the teams performed, anyone venturing out on Olgiata to watch would have been safer in an armored car. They had excuses, of course. The Czechs, for instance, have to practice around Soviet tanks, so no one thought too harshly of Jan Kunsta's opening 86. When Austria's Hans Stroll

fashioned a cool 92, it didn't seem bad for a cat from ski country. The only professional golfer Finland has ever produced, Sygurd Nyström, loitered around the mid-80s for a while before closing with a 95. But, as he explained, Finland's golf season is only about four or five minutes long. Once, on the second day, he stood nervously over a putt for a par on the 18th hole and finally sank it while three Italians outside the ropes stared moodily at him.

"It is very enjoyable to make a par with a gallery," he said.

It was enjoyable for the Rumanian just to be in town. Paul Tomita was his name. He is the only professional in his country, and he hadn't left it for three decades. He did not arrive until the second round, on Friday, whereupon he went out and shot 39 on the front side—and quit. "I just wanted to see the Rumanian flag raised with all these other nations," he said proudly.

Before all this the attention had been focused on the favored Americans. Lee Trevino and Julius Boros. Trevino was his usual boisterous self. "The way I look I'm at home in any country," he said. "They think I'm Italian here anyhow. What a team we have. The Spaniards send a couple of Spaniards, the Finns a couple of Finns, the Germans a couple of Germans. The United States sends a Mexican and a Hungarian."

Throughout the week Trevino chatted constantly with everyone, gestured, laughed, danced, threw balls to the watchers and took it upon himself to be the unofficial "team" captain for the U.S., which meant Boros' captain. Julius grinned and ambled along smoking as Trevino paced off distances and marked tees and lined up team putts.

Nationalist China was represented by a couple of pupils and admirers of Chen Chang-po, the friendly little man with a Ben Hogan swing who shows up at the Masters every year. One, named Hsieh Yung-yo, had a smile and a bow, a good, slow-motion swing and a putting stroke

that looked as if he was tapping home plate with a baseball bat. The other was named Lu Liang-huan. He had a crew cut, an equally sound swing and a more realistic putting stroke.

For three rounds the Chinese, who are from Taiwan, either led or were tied for the lead. Lu shot 69-69-72 and Hsieh managed rounds of 70-75-71. This made for some fascinating interviews with the world press. Lu and Hsieh tried hard to please. "Glen, hake funny," Hsieh would say. "Glass glow wrong for Chinese putt." And Lu would offer, "Hook driver very inconvenient. Partner must make ball go state."

When a storm blew across Ogiata on Saturday afternoon no one knew who

was going to lead after the third round. The Chinese had to scurry in from the 16th, the Italians and the Americans from the 18th green. It was ruled that they all would complete the rounds on Sunday morning before teeing off on the final 18. At a party that night Boros was asked by a lady who hadn't heard what had happened what he had shot.

"I got a chip and two putts for 73," he said. "Lee has a 10-footer for 70." The lady thought that over momentarily and moved away, frowning.

Meanwhile, with all good humor, Hsieh and Lu wandered around the immense Cavalieri Hilton saying they had shot 62 and 64. Then they would grin. "Chinese play 16-hole golf."

On Sunday the Chinese still led the championship with just nine holes to play on a day that saw the sun shine fit to make the jewels sparkle. Playing with the Americans, Hsieh and Lu went out in 35 and 36 and jumped two strokes up on Trevino and Boros, largely because Lee started with four bogeys in the first five holes before rallying with three birdies. But the Chinese were doomed to crack, or clack. They clacked at the 15th hole, a par-5, by driving terribly, scraping and topping their seconds, and coming away with bogey-par as Trevino and Boros both got birdies. They would ultimately finish fourth, the Chinese, far better than anyone thought, but disappointed at missing after coming so close to their greatest victory since *The Sand Pebbles*.

While all this was happening, Canada, principally because of surprising old Al Balding, was running off with everything. Balding had played superbly through the gray days of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and on sunny Sunday he played even better. He shot another 67 (he had done that Saturday as well) and posted a 72-hole score of 274, 14 under par. He practically hand-carried his partner, George Knudson, along to the team championship by two strokes over the U.S., and he won the individual title by five whopping shots over Italy's Roberto Bernardini. Trevino—who gave all the golf balls he had left to the Czechoslovakians and all his rain gear to his Italian caddy—was third and eager to go sightseeing, while Boros was ninth and eager to go to Greece.

"I had no idea we were winning," said Balding, a 44-year-old pro who has been around the U.S. tour longer than arguments but who has rarely ever won. "I didn't know it until the 18th fairway. I was just playing the best golf of my life and really enjoying it."

Trevino and Boros had not played their best, but they had played well enough to pass the Chinese under pressure and well enough to have won for America in other years. It wasn't the first time the U.S. has been beaten in the championship. The Argentines have won it, the Irish have won it, the South Africans, the Japanese, the Australians have won it and now the Canadians. And this is what the World Cup is all about. Golf doesn't need a Motor City Open every week. **END**



Sightseeing Leo Trevino and his wife Cleotide talk with Italian girl in St. Peter's Square.

A GOLDEN AGE COMES TO ATHENS

If it takes 60 points to win, then 60 points it is, as a quiet college town and its rousing team revel in the ranks of the undefeated **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**



Ohio University Coach Hess encourages his Hessians against Cincinnati.

Down in the southeast section of the state, well beyond the point where the slick four-lane thoroughways peter out—down past Carroll and Lancaster and Logan and Nelsonville—lies Athens, Ohio. It nests in gentle lumpy foothills along the Hocking River, and there the nostalgic sense of a simpler, purer, *amer* America is almost too much to bear. In Athens, instead of factory smokestacks, a dozen church steeples rise in stern and insistent silhouette against the sky, and the town's main street is dominated by a splendidly grotesque Victorian courthouse which boasts, of course, a worn and slightly askew white statue of Justice on the roof. Lots of people in Athens still eat "dinner" at noon and "supper" at night, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway rattles through with the unforgettable sound of endless freight trains that stimulate forever wistful dreams of faraway travel in the mind of every Midwestern boy grown old.

There exists amid this serenity a school that is in keeping with its surroundings. Ohio University, an authentic piece of mid-Americana, it was chartered in 1804 as the first seat of higher learning west of the Alleghenies. Properly enough, it was at one time headed by none other than William Holmes McGuffey, creator of the famed *Readers* that led 19th century America to literacy. The school's

architecture is generally stolid Georgian, and its campus is Ohio-homey, but there is a football team there that does not fit the scene. It is a frantic, exasperating, totally unstuffy kind of team that last Saturday kept its season undefeated when it beat Cincinnati by the placid, routine score of—ho-hum—60-48.

As is the case with the school itself, the Ohio football team struggles within the shadow of mighty, booming, big-time Ohio State, which is just 75 miles up the road in Columbus. Ohio State has an enrollment which is three times as large, a stadium that is five times as large, and a trophy collection immeasurably larger than Ohio University's. What it does not have, however, is a 1968 football record any better than the 9-0 mark of Ohio's Bobcats.

Indeed, Ohio State must beat Michigan next week to win the Big Ten title and Rose Bowl trip, while Ohio University has sewed up the championship of its tiny little Mid-American Conference plus a trip to the Tangerine Bowl. And while Ohio State is somewhat routinely enjoying its high rating for the umpteenth time, Ohio University has crashed into the top 20 for the first time ever, a memorable accomplishment that ranks with a first kiss or a first marriage.

Now, to keep things in perspective, let's be clear about one point: although

some people fondly call it Harvard-on-the-Hocking, Ohio University has no overt pretensions toward going all-out big-time. It is true that the university, under the dynamic hard-sell aegis of President Vernon Alden, a former associate dean of the Harvard Business School, has increased its enrollment from 8,500 to 17,500 since 1962, and has spent \$54 million for new residence halls and academic buildings. It is also true that the mod-in-moderation dress of Ohio students, plus their casual attitude toward four-letter words in the campus newspaper, their enthusiastic attendance of dormitory "teas" that feature 3 2 beer as the main drink and their general high-spirited interest in football games would indicate a fairly cosmopolitan balance of interests. But Athens is a long way from Berkeley or Cambridge. As Ohio's head football coach, Bill Hess, puts it: "One of our chief recruiting pitches—parents particularly like it a lot—is that in Athens a student comes in contact almost exclusively with college kids. There are no bad city influences here, it's a healthy life all round."

Unhappily, such "city influence" as large crowds is also missing, and Ohio has trouble attracting major schools to a home-and-home schedule. Still, President Alden, a pragmatic perfectionist who has tried to push an "excellence-in-

everything" approach at Ohio, has insisted on a classier football schedule for the future. In the next few years the Bobcats will be taking on such relatively over-weight opposition as Minnesota, Penn State, Purdue, Kentucky—all away "Dr Alden wants us to compete with the same schools athletically as we do academically, even if they can't afford to play in Athens," says Athletic Director Bill Rohr. "So we've got a much tougher schedule of nonconference schools. Much tougher."

The conference itself—the Mid-American—is fairly tough competition, but is in an odd sort of limbo. All seven members (Toledo, Bowling Green, Miami of Ohio, Marshall, Western Michigan, Kent State and Ohio) are rated in the major-college category by the NCAA, but their self-imposed league limits on football grants-in-aid are so rigid that none has hopes of being a consistent contender for either top ratings or major bowl bids. "Our first strings are good enough, but we fall way short when it comes to depth," says Bill Hess.

He should know, for his 11 years at Ohio make him the coaching dean of the MAC, and no one has had consistently better teams. A protégé of Woody Hayes in the '50s (indeed, a near look-alike with his vastly rotund middle, his mincing way of walking, his short-sleeved shirt and baseball cap at practice), Hess has won four MAC titles and has never had a losing season at Ohio University—except for one disaster in 1965. That was so bad people in Athens date major events from it: "Oh, yes, our house burned down the year Ohio was 0-and-10," Hess himself still seems a little shocked by it. "It was like going bankrupt," he sighs. "I'd had it so good for so long, then everything was gone. I had to start over from scratch."

Hess crawled back from catastrophe by redoubling his recruiting efforts and installing a rugged winter conditioning program. In 1966 his team was 5-5, in '67 it was 6-4 and now he has made a total comeback with the finest squad he has had at Ohio. By late last week Athens townspeople figured they might start dating pleasant events by 1968—if only their team could beat Cincinnati. Although Ohio had survived a couple of tight escapes this year—such as a week ago, when it needed two touchdowns in the final four minutes to beat Bowling



Congratulating each other like pleased survivors are Ohio heroes Howard (left) and Bryant.

Green 28-27—nothing has compared with Saturday's insane circus in Cincinnati. The Cincinnati quarterback, Greg Cook, was no surprise to anyone. A big (6' 4", 204 pounds), rugged fellow, he has developed so well in his senior year that he is one of the scouts' top quarterback draft choices. He is a stand-up, pocket passer with remarkable poise and a finely tuned arm that can snap a blindingly fast pass to the flat or, with almost the same motion, launch a horrendous, arching missile 65 yards.

Against Ohio University, Cook did all of this: hating backs, ends and an occasional water boy for an astonishing total of 554 yards. He completed 35 of 56 for four touchdowns, and broke all manner of records while taking over as the nation's No. 1 total offense performer with 2,831 yards in nine games. His favorite target and the most talented receiver on the field was Split End Jim O'Brien, who caught nine passes for 212 yards and two touchdowns. Also an excellent placekicker, O'Brien wound up the afternoon with 24 points and 131 for the season as he became the nation's top scorer. With such offensive talent, it is hard to believe that Cincinnati is just 4-4-1 for the season—until one sees the defense.

Ohio University had scouted that Cincinnati defense, and in this year of the

fast-blinking scoreboard you can almost hear Bill Hess saying to himself: "We know we don't have a pass defense. The MAC is a running conference. It doesn't have a good passer and I have designed my whole defense to stop running attacks. I can't rebuild it in a week. But I have Cleve Bryant and Todd Snyder, the best quarterback and end our conference has ever seen. Fellows, we'll just have to give Cook his 48 points and out-score 'em from there." Wonderland? Not in 1968's version of college football. All afternoon Ohio's offense sneed beautifully through where Cincinnati's defense might have been. Every time Cincinnati scored, Ohio came back and scored with a diverse attack led by Bryant. His passing (three touchdowns) and the catching of Fullback Bob Houmard (two touchdowns) and the running of Tailback Dave LeVeck (two touchdowns) was enough to out-overwhelm Cincinnati.

By day's end there had been 1,175 yards gained, 67 first downs, 108 points scored and, with 14 seconds left to play, a massive fistfight that led officials to call the contest. With that the Bobcats headed back to Harvard-on-the-Hocking: undefeated, untied and hardly able to believe that a nice American set piece like Athens, Ohio could ever spawn a team with such ragtag, highfalutin style.

END

Chances are, driven part of an

Have you ever driven a Cadillac Eldorado? Or an Oldsmobile Toronado? Down some mucky road or up a snowy driveway? Know the way the front wheel drive barreled you right through that muck and slop?

You'll find front wheel drive on the

Austin America.

Have you ever shifted a Mustang? Imagine being able to shift a car *both* automatically and manually off the same 4-speed gearbox!

Likewise, for the Austin America.

Have you ever driven a Volkswagen up

to a gas pump and gotten a dirty look?

You'll get the same dirty look in an Austin America.

Have you ever sat in the back seat of a Lincoln Continental? Remember how your knees didn't crunch up against the back of the front seat?

you've already Austin America.



They won't in an Austin America, either.

Have you ever seen the world through the windows of a trans-continental bus? Remember how it was, discovering that trunks have trees and lawns have houses? Then the Austin America shouldn't

surprise you.

Have you ever braked an XK-E Jag in a rainstorm? And felt the grab of its disc brakes?

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Fact is, the Austin America has a lot of things other cars have.

With two small differences.

One, we've got *all* those things in *one* car. And two, we've got it for less than any four-speed automatic you can buy. \$1899*.

Ah, but that's a whole ad in itself.

The 1969 Austin America.

At MG / Austin Healey dealers



When I look back on the old days of basketball, the time before expansion and \$100,000 contracts and big, bright arenas, I always think first of Syracuse. I was there longer than anywhere else, as both a player and coach. It was one of the smallest towns in the league, the fans were friends, the players were always congenial. We all had a deep, abiding interest in the game and in each other. I remember Johnny Kerr and his wife would throw a big Christmas party every year, and there wasn't a player who didn't want to come. We were all happy with management, because that was Danny Biasone, who was one of the greatest sportsmen and innovators in the game.

But while Syracuse was special, it was not unique. In the early days of the NBA we were all very close. It could be rough—I mean, it was really a great deal rougher then—but you would go out after the game and drink beer with the same guy you had battered all night. Charlie Share at St. Louis gave me worse beatings in practice than I got in games. We called Charlie "Lovable." He took enormous pleasure in setting tough blind screens. But he had a lot of company in that sort of thing.

Travel was more communal, too, in cars or trains. Believe me, you can get pretty close to each other when you're driving over icy roads, four or five of you crammed in together, your legs draped all over each other. At Oshkosh, Wis. the only trips we took by train all year were to the big faraway cities, Denver and Syracuse. The worst trip we had was to Waterloo, Iowa for a Sunday afternoon game after playing Saturday night in Oshkosh. We seemed to run into a blizzard every time we made the trip. We would drive through the snow till 3 or 4 in the morning, stop somewhere for a few hours and then go on.

OLD DAYS AND CHANGED WAYS



in his 20-year journey up from the likes of Oshkosh, the new coach of the Oakland Oaks has proved he can mold champions. Concluding his story, he gives his formula for success and details his plans

by ALEX HANNUM
with FRANK DEFORD

Often, the schedule was so tight that we had to dress in the car. Believe me, that was gamy.

At home in Oshkosh we played in the gym of the South Park Junior High, capacity 2,200. When we had our pre-season training camp, we had to be in the gym at 6 sharp in the morning so we could get in a couple of hours and be off the floor by the time the kids came to school at 8. It was even harder on the rookies, because everyone tested you right away, first your own teammates in camp, then your opponents in the exhibitions. My teammates worked me over pretty good, especially a former league scoring champion named LeRoy (Cowboy) Edwards. LeRoy had been around a long time and knew all the tricks. He also knew that Lonnie Darling, our coach—and the business manager and the publicity man and so on—had a thing about making the first basket in a game. Although he could hardly get off the ground, LeRoy jumped center and he never failed to get the tap that set up the first basket—as long as Lonnie slipped him a five in the locker room before the game.

I do not want to leave the impression that rookies today get the red-carpet treatment. I know of two cases, one quite recent, where potentially excellent players were busted psychologically because they could not take the rough treatment dealt out to rookies. I know that if my players won't test a rookie, I, as the coach, will. I want to find out what they can take. Two years ago Matt Guokas came in as the 76ers' first choice. He was all untanned, his feet soft from lying on the South Jersey shore all summer, and I about ran him into the ground the first two days. But he took it. I don't know who Matt could beat in a fight, as skinny as he is, but I found out quickly that

he wouldn't back off from anyone.

Of all the rookies I ever saw break in, Rick Barry was the most special. It was something to remember, that first day as a Warrior, when he scrimmaged against Tom Meschery, whom we called "The Mad Manchurian." After a while they were just going one-on-one, at and over each other and ignoring everyone else. I was refereeing and I let a Barry basket go on a dubious play, but then I whistled a charging foul on Meschery when he came through Barry like the Normandy invasion. Meschery went into a rage. It was so bad I had to rearrange things so they were no longer guarding each other. But as soon as Tom got the ball again, Barry left his new man, picked Meschery up and stole the ball as he blocked the shot. Meschery was so enraged I had to call off the whole practice.

Half an hour later, calmed down and getting dressed, Tom couldn't contain his enthusiasm. "Hey, Alex," he said, "that Barry's going to be a great one." The pride for the new kid was all over his face. That was the way it used to be when you made it as a rookie. You were accepted—and, more than that, you were looked after.

Maybe the toughest guy I ever saw in the game was Al Cervi, the little player-coach of mine at Syracuse. Cervi came off the streets of Buffalo and never went to college. He was controversial and did not have the respect of all his players, but he was called "The Digger" and that's what he was. I saw Al back down only once. It was my first year in Syracuse, when a tough rookie guard named Leroy Chollet, in from Buffalo like Cervi, joined the team. Cervi did not use Chollet much, and Chollet did not agree with this appraisal of his talents. In fact, he did not agree with much of anything Al did.

Near the end of the season we clinched the division title on the road. Before the next game Cervi and Chollet got into one of their regular arguments. Among other things, Leroy told Al he would make a better coach. "All right," Cervi said. "Tonight's game, you're the coach."

Cervi would always end every pregame speech by announcing the lineup. "All right," he'd say, "we'll start Peterson at center, Raskovitz and Schayes, Gabor, . . ." Then a pause, as if he was really mulling his fifth choice over,

followed by: "and Cervi." He would snap his own name off quickly, then lead us onto the floor.

When Chollet took over that night, he imitated Cervi perfectly, naming the lineup (mostly his buddies, not the regulars) and then finishing up: "and Chollet." Cervi was boiling inside, but I've got to give it to him, he didn't go back on his word. We won the game, too, and as a final insult Chollet did not send Cervi in until the last 30 seconds or so—about the usual time Cervi sent in Leroy.

Afterward, Leroy got to thinking about his accomplishments of the evening. He stormed back to the hotel and up to Al's room, where he told him point-blank he was going to beat him up and throw him out the window. Cervi stared back at Chollet, tensed for a moment but at last moved away as some of us came between them. Al knew that if he lost, Leroy was going to toss him out the window.

Cervi's hands were in a constant state of motion and repair, because his advice to his players—which he followed in the extreme—was to use your hands at all times on the court. You got to be hitting someone. His other major exhortation was for us to play what I, a fancy college man, had always known as backboards. To Cervi they were bangboards. "Hit the bangboards, hit the bangboards, hit the bangboards," he would scream at us.

Sometimes, in the old Coliseum in Syracuse, that was not so easy to manage, since the fans would juggle the guy wires and shake the bangboards back and forth. The place was also so smoky you often had real trouble seeing through the haze. Opponents were not helped either by the fact that someone would change the lights at halftime, so that there was always a bright light shining in a visitor's face when he was shooting free throws. A fan called, appropriately, "The Strangler" sat behind the opponent's bench and could be reliably counted on to start squeezing the life out of a visitor in the event of a fight. Bob Cousy missed so many games in town we used to say he was coming down with "the Syracuse flu." The fact is, nobody, nobody wanted to play in Syracuse. We were 36-2 at home that first year I was there, 1949-50.

I may be foolishly nostalgic but I miss the trains. We would climb on them at

night. Usually the owner had gone out to a good delicatessen and bought a bunch of sandwiches for us, because the diner would be closed by the time we got on. Besides, with \$5 a day in meal money, we couldn't afford diners. With the sandwiches it was all a big picnic, and we played cards and talked the game into the night. Sadly, that kind of camaraderie is gone now from the pros, a victim of progress.

The shortest train trip from either Syracuse or Rochester was five hours, on the *Empire State* to New York City. That's just about the same time as the longest air trip now, yet we still hear all the talk about how debilitating travel is for the modern players. Don't tell me it's harder flying five hours across the country than it is going five hours on a train from Syracuse to New York.

Oh, this really tells it. When I was coaching the Warriors, a rookie showed up in his new car at the airport and turned the car over to valet parking, because the Warriors paid the bills. He sat in his assigned seat, a pretty girl handed him a magazine, the movie went on and then it was time for a steak dinner. I'll never forget, the kid took one look at the tray and frowned. "Look at that," he said. "The potatoes are overdone." I wanted to throw him off the plane.

Travel is one of the two factors that have most affected the pro game. Airplanes are just not conducive to group interaction, although I did notice last year that when we chartered flights for the 76ers some of the old team atmosphere reappeared.

The other factor is the entrance of Negroes into the game. No matter how friendly whites and blacks may be on the court, they usually go off in different directions after the game. It is more difficult now to get everyone together to relax and laugh. The two years I was with the 76ers, we had two great Halloween costume parties for just the players and their wives. The Hal Greers gave the first one, and last year Chamberlain was the host at his apartment. But you have to struggle to get this sort of team gathering. Last year, when we traveled to the Coast, I wanted to have a team dinner, just us—laughs and shop-talk. I had to order two of the players to come, declaring that it was an official club function. You defeat the whole purpose of a gathering when you have to do that.

continued

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At least indirectly, this dissipation of team unity has adversely affected my coaching, because unlike most professional coaches who try to remain aloof from their players, I want to stay friendly and sociable with mine. I want to go out and laugh and drink and argue with them after a game.

I acknowledge that a coach must maintain stature and respect, and certainly it is easier to manage this if you isolate yourself and don't get personally involved with your players. But I could never do it that way. I think it is a greater challenge and a deeper reward if you can mix with your players and still retain your stature.

If anything, this closeness of coach and player has become even more important since race entered the picture. It is my feeling that bigotry is founded on a lack of understanding and knowledge of the other race. If you know about something or someone, then you are not liable to be afraid. I think that I have very little fear, and, therefore, very little prejudice. But I've seen prejudice run wild at me during a riot and I lost my understanding very quickly in return—so I know.

That was extreme, of course. My main concern in basketball is that my players know each other and know me. I want them to understand exactly what I am like, how dedicated I am, what my motives are, what I am out to accomplish. If I can help my players know that, then I don't have to waste a lot of our time trying to baloney them into thinking I am some kind of genius. It comes to this: if they can understand me, they can trust me and they can like me.

My only criterion for any player is: can he help the team, can he get along with it? I do not care how many whites or blacks I have on the team, but how many grunts. You'll never have a good team if you are top-heavy with grunts. A grunt is a word we use in the construction business in California to describe a man who will do exactly what he is told and no more. He either waits for new orders or makes the one job last all day.

Grunts don't make suggestions. In fact, I never coached a good player who was a grunt. The good ones are forever involved, forever thinking, even if you don't always agree with their schemes—and I demand that the coach retain a veto power. Still, the interest that play-

ers show in a game or practice can never replace the all-day commitment that we had to the game in the old days. There was no aspect of the game we did not discuss. Bob Pettit and I, for instance, used to speculate on freak plays and wild impossibilities, and because of this almost managed to bring the championship to St. Louis in the last second of the final 1957 playoff game in Boston.

Our scheme went back to when I was playing at Rochester with Bobby Davies. A marvelous athlete with a fine baseball throwing arm, Davies could stand out of bounds at one end of the court and hit the backboard with a basketball at the other end 49 times out of 50. This was not an idle talent either, because it could theoretically be put to use if your team needed a quick basket and had the full length of the court to go for it. The clock does not start until the ball touches a player in bounds, so if you could throw the ball the length of the court and ricochet it off the backboard, your man could get the ball right in front of the basket with time to shoot. The opposition, looking for a direct pass, would surely be caught unprepared.

St. Louis was a young and improving club in 1957, and, while we were lucky to have reached the final playoffs, there



SYRACUSE'S CERVU WAS JUST PLAIN TOUGH

we were, making the Celtics work against us, right down to the seventh game. We wouldn't quit, Jack McMahon and Slater Martin held Cousy and Bill Sharman to seven points in the first half and 21 for the whole game, and Boston couldn't get away from us. It was 103-103 after four quarters and 113-111 at the end of the first overtime.

Easy Ed Macauley, my center, fouled out with 3:35 left in the next overtime. Everybody was fouling out by then, and all I had left on the bench was me and Irv Bemoras, who was 6' 3". I had to go with height, so I put myself in. It was to be my last game. Boston held onto a slim lead and got a break near the end when I thought the Celtics should have been called for flagrant goaltending. I missed a good shot myself, but down 124-123 with one second left I managed to foul Jim Loscutoff. He made the free throw—125-123—and I stumbled to Pettit to get down the court and watch the backboard. Even though I hadn't practiced it, I threw a line drive that luckily was true. Unluckily, it came off the backboard like a rocket. Pettit caught the ball a few feet from the basket, but it was going so fast that he could not gain full control as he desperately pushed it toward the basket. As it was, that ball rolled around the rim for what seemed an eternity before finally flopping off to the side and beating us.

The next season, '57-'58, we came back to win the championship from Boston—which was to be the only time the Celtics were to lose until we beat them again at Philadelphia in 1967. According to some recent accounts, our '58 championship was tainted because Bill Russell was injured. The way the story has been told lately, it has begun to sound as if Russell wasn't even in the country when we won. The truth is that he was not hurt until the third game, when we were already well on the way to our second win. And the Celtics won the next game without him. In fact, only in the fifth game, which we won, did Boston feel Russell's loss. Certainly, he was hurting in the last game and only played about half of it, but I don't think anything would have stopped Pettit from bringing us to victory that night. He scored 50 points—which is the only time that any player has ever scored that many in the deciding game of a championship series.

Pettit was a coach's joy all the time. He was hardworking and organized, and,

even when I played with him at Milwaukee in his rookie season, it was obvious that he was destined for success. Pettit played things straight down the line. He would not, for instance, allow himself to get very emotional about who was coaching, which was particularly sage at St. Louis since Kerner kept bringing in new coaches all the time. But Kerner and Pettit were good for each other, and Ben knew it. That very first year at Milwaukee, he took three of our league games into Louisiana so he could show off Bob before his home folks, even though he knew this would cause problems. We had Chuck Cooper on our team. This was 1954 and Chuck was a Negro. I roomed a lot with Chuck that year, which kind of amuses me when I read nowadays that teams in other professional sports are suggesting that they are making such great strides by rooming whites and Negroes together for the first time. As far as I know, we have been doing that without much fuss in basketball since Chuck came into the NBA in 1950.

The next year, when he moved the franchise to St. Louis, Kerner was told he was going to a graveyard sports city, and I think it was already part of his thinking that he was just getting Pettit closer to home in Baton Rouge. Bob was definitely aware that St. Louis was better than Milwaukee for him. He always planned to go back home after he finished playing, and it was very important to him that the Hawks' games were on KMOX, a 50,000-watt station that reached into Louisiana. When the time was right, Bob quit the game, got married and went home to Baton Rouge to be successful, just as he had always planned.

Pettit was an All-Star from the first, but Cliff Hagan had a much more trying start. He had spent two years out of college in the Army while Pettit was in the league, and in the next year Kerner picked me up from Fort Wayne, probably because Hagan, who was only 6' 4", wasn't working out up front. At just about the time they made me coach, they were also in the process of trying to convert Cliff into a backcourt man. I told Ben it was out of the question. I had scrummaged against Cliff, and it seemed to me he just didn't have the talents of a guard. He had definitely lost his confidence playing the position. The first thing I did was tell him that he

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would never be in the backcourt again.

What I usually tried to do was get myself into the game with Cliff. I could vacate the pivot, draw my man out and we could then splash Cliff down into the pivot and get him the ball inside. I was good at this. I couldn't do much with the ball itself but I could get it to someone who could.

Cliff was beginning to pick up confidence, when all of a sudden Kerner told me he was ready to trade him. I urged Ben to hold off, and he did for a few days, but then one night Hagan did something wrong in a game, we lost, and when I met Kerner the next day all he could say to me was, "Hagan's stealing from me."

He had already made a deal, Hagan for Dick Schnitker of Minneapolis, straight up. I pleaded with him not to go through with it, invoking team spirit, a winning combination and everything else. At last, reluctantly, Ben agreed not to make the trade. Schnitker played one more year in the league. Hagan retired

from the Hawks nearly a decade later. At the time he was the ninth leading scorer in NBA history.

It is not fair, though, for me to single out Ben for a bad early judgment. Everybody in basketball has guessed wrong on some of the best players. You could fill a room with the guys who told Red Auerbach that K. C. Jones wouldn't make it. I saw that great Ohio State team play and, while I liked Jerry Lucas right away and thought Larry Siegfried would make a fine pro guard, John Havlicek struck me as merely a good athlete who did what he was told and played defense. Right after we drafted Rick Barry, Franklin Mauli tried to trade him to Los Angeles for Gail Goodrich.

I can match that myself. I tried to trade Nate Thurmond when he was a rookie and now I think Nate may be the most valuable piece of property in basketball. At that time, though, he was just a big center playing out of position at forward. He didn't like it in the corner and saw no future for himself as

long as Chamberlain was there. At one point early in the next season Nate actually quit basketball because he was so disappointed. I spent almost a whole day with him, convincing him to stay in the game.

By then I sensed what a great player he was, but the season before Eddie Gottlieb and I had actually closed a deal for Thurmond, trading him to Detroit for Bailey Howell and Don Ohl. Then Charley Wolf, the Pistons' coach, and Fred Zollner, the owner, asked for a little more time to think it over. They left and never came back. One of them had second thoughts, but I never found out which one. They traded Ohl and Howell to Baltimore for Terry Dischinger and Rod Thorn at the end of the season, and Detroit is still looking for a first-rate center.

That's a funny thing about trading. Once you talk seriously about trading a player, even if it falls through, you are now more prone to trade the guy to someone else. It just seems that he should be traded. If you can catch a team on the rebound, after a trade collapses, it is often most vulnerable. I think you make the perfect trade when you obtain a player who fits in with your team, while the one you give up in return may be technically better but at his peak and more valuable strictly as a property than as a team player. I have encountered one pure case where this was all in evidence. It came in late November 1965. The player was Guy Rodgers.

Chamberlain was gone from the Warriors by now. Thurmond was in the middle, Barry, a rookie, was already lighting sparks in the starting lineup and the Warriors were starting to come on again after the disastrous previous season. We still lacked the one thing I never had at San Francisco—dangerous outside shooting. Rodgers was our leading guard, an All-Star, the only guard ever to make more assists than Oscar Robertson, but with Wilt no longer in the middle I could see that Rodgers' many talents were not well suited for the new Warriors.

Then, to really accent the situation, Rodgers had to take over everything in the backcourt when two injuries almost crippled us. Suddenly, for a guy who had never been a good shot, he not only started shooting but he went on a spree of better than 35 points a game, way



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over what he had ever done before. He always was an exciting ballplayer. San Francisco now idolized him.

We returned from a road trip, and I walked in to see Bob Feerick, the general manager. "Bob," I began, "you know how we've often talked about when was the best time to trade a ballplayer?" He nodded. "Well," I said, "I think we ought to trade Rodgers now." I remember Bob's mouth flew open and he dropped his pencil.

Miculi called me in two days later. He began by assuring me that he was only the owner, knew nothing of basketball and made it a policy never to interfere with a coach's decisions concerning basketball. But what the hell, trade Guy Rodgers? No way.

I persisted, though, and we talked for about two hours as I kept explaining that it was simply the best chance we would probably ever have to trade a ballplayer at his highest market value for someone who had qualities we especially needed.

"All right, just out of curiosity, who do you think we could get?" Franklin asked me.

"Look," I said. "I don't know the full price we could get for Guy if we got lucky, but I'll tell you a player I know we can get and I'd be satisfied with him even though the Lakers aren't even playing him now. I'd settle for Jimmy King today, straight up. He'd work in well with this team and he can shoot."

Miculi nodded but he still made it plain he wouldn't trade Guy, so there wasn't anything more said for the rest of the season. We finished a game out of the playoffs after Nate got hurt. Then Miculi fired me. And then Chicago came into the league and took Jimmy King in the expansion draft.

Miculi started getting very chummy right away with Dick Klein, the Chicago general manager, and bingo—Johnny Kerr and Al Bianchi, the Chicago coaches, were standing out on the practice court one day in September when Klein walked out and said, "I got you Guy Rodgers."

"For who?" asked Kerr.

"Jimmy King and Jeff Mullins."

Kerr said, "No."

Bianchi said, "Arghhh." Or something like that.

"You've got to go back and tell them it's no deal," said Kerr.

Klein did just that, but Miculi got

tough and told Klein he'd make sure that Klein never made another deal with anyone in the NBA.

Klein took the bluff and the deal went through. As it turned out, it was a good trade for Chicago, and both Kerr and Bianchi almost immediately saw how a veteran leader and ball handler of Rodgers' talents could help their young team. It made the Bulls a draw that year too. Last year, though, Rodgers was dealt to Cincinnati, while King went on to make the All-Star team for the Warriors, and Mullins is now averaging almost 20 points a game. Both of them are several years younger than Guy.

The man I did not want traded was Wilt. But Miculi's mind was made up. We were flying to the All-Star Game in St. Louis, and he told me point-blank: "He'll be traded before I go home." And he was. Philadelphia raked Mueuli over the coals getting Wilt. At least if he had waited till the off season, I think he could have made a better deal.

I don't know how much money, if any, was involved, but, any way you look at it, the Warriors didn't get enough in return. I just hated to give up such a great ballplayer so quickly, so arbitrarily. Besides, I like Wilt. We had our words at San Francisco and Philadelphia and once we almost came to blows, but we always got along.

Incidentally, I do not subscribe to the theory that I was the only coach who could ever "handle" Wilt. Wilt will accept coaching and he has tried, in his way, to cooperate with every coach he has ever had. What are usually forgotten are the circumstances. Until I happened to come along, Wilt had, since high school, been coached by a series of men who were all virtually without experience. At Kansas, Dick Harp had never held a major-college post before. Another rookie coach, Neil Johnston, had Wilt in his first year at Philadelphia. Frank McGuire succeeded Johnston and, although Frank had been a fine college coach, he had never had a pro job. McGuire wanted scoring records that year, and Wilt went out and averaged 50.4. In the playoffs McGuire asked for more balanced team scoring, and Chamberlain responded agreeably, going over 40 points in only three of 12 playoff games to help bring the Philadelphia team to within a bounce of the ball of beating the Celtics.

Then Wilt and the Warriors moved

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HANNUM continued

to San Francisco, where Bob Feerick—who previously had coached only one year in the pros, and that 12 years before — was named the new coach. Like Dolph Schayes, who had Wilt later on the 76ers, Feerick has only one fault: he is too nice. And Wilt is complex. He tends to respond to the situation, and you have to prepare for that. For one thing, he is reliably impossible in the morning. On the 76ers, Hal Greer was the same way. We called him "Bulldog." Wilt and Greer—the two worst guys in the world in the morning. If I possibly could, I just stayed away from both until after lunch.

Wilt can go through great moods of rejection, where he will be bitter and very nearly mean. But his natural disposition is to be warm and friendly. There have been several times when I saw him start to make a dunk and then suddenly withdraw the shot or just drop the ball easily because he saw some defender's hand in the way. He knew that if he carried the dunk through he was liable to seriously injure the other player. Once I told Wilt: "You know, maybe if you came down once and maybe broke somebody's finger, people wouldn't be so anxious to try to stop you like that anymore." But he wouldn't do it.

Another reason we got along so well is that Wilt has a fine mind. He is quick to grasp ideas and offer his own suggestions. He is no grunt. But sometimes his logic becomes a little too exotic for me. I remember that first season in San Francisco, when the team and Wilt were following our plan and scoring less. There was a lot of talk almost right away about "the new Wilt," the one that was taking fewer shots.

It was more than a month into the season before we came into New York to play Cincinnati in the first game of a doubleheader. Early in the game I noticed Wilt wasn't going to the hoop much and called time to remind him that Cincinnati was a team he always scored well against. I told him to go for the basket. The same thing at halftime and even into the second half, before I finally stopped bothering. With hardly shot at all—even for the new Wilt—and the Royals beat us easily.

When we got back to San Francisco, Eddie Gottlieb sought me out right away and said, "Alex, I owe you an apology. I should have told you that Wilt was sure not to shoot in New York. With

all that talk about the new Wilt, he just had to prove to everyone, when he got to the big city, that he was the greatest playmaker there was."

Last December I really became exasperated with Wilt after we had played a game against St. Louis. In my opinion he just wasn't going to the basket enough, and I told a reporter so. I added that I thought that Wilt might have lost some of his moves simply because he wasn't using them anymore.

The next morning, on the airplane, Wilt came to me with a copy of the paper. "Did you say that?" he asked.

"If it's there, I guess I did," I replied. Remember, this was the morning and the wrong time to get into any debates with Wilt. He mumbled something from under his beard and went back to his reading. The next night, though, he went for 68 against the Bulls, and then we went on to Seattle for two games, and he scored 47 and 53 there. It was the only time all year he did anything like that.

Coaching is almost always a bewildering experience, never precise or predictable. Sometimes you make one little remark and you get the most amazing results. Other times you can talk yourself blue in the face to no avail. You see your whole team get cold, you try everything and everybody and they're still cold. All right, coach, what now? Well, I'll tell you, the first thing a pro coach should be is glue. You must hold things all together, or you just can't do anything else.

I suspect that operating a whole franchise is probably much the same as running a team. There are more elements to consider, but the principles are the same, and I am applying them at Oakland, on the floor and off. I looked forward to this opportunity and chased it all over the country, thought about it and planned it and dreamed it for too long to start doubting or changing my basic premises. If you get everyone involved and working together and understanding, then, at the least, they're going to have to come to you to see how you take the challenge.

In a way, maybe I was lucky that I couldn't do much with the ball myself and had to learn to get it to somebody who could. That way maybe you learn to look around a little more, and you're ready when that ball comes off the backboards.

END



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As the first light of a mysterious dawn shrouds the watery Louisiana Delta country, sleepy hunters disembark from their houseboat headquarters for a morning shoot. The guide is already setting his decoys, and blue geese have started moving to their daytime resting grounds (right). Many more birds will soon be flying, and for the next few hours the air will be filled with quacks, cackles and the resounding blasts of 12-gauge shotguns. On these and the following pages Francis Golden portrays some of the morning's memorable scenes.

A Waterfowl Shoot in the Mississippi Delta



As a guide quietly poles his boat near the blind and gets ready to put out his decoys, four startled mallards leap into flight, rupturing the soft dawn.







Thomas G. Allen

"She got what de ducks want"

To most outsiders, the marshlands and bays of coastal Louisiana are best known for their wealth of oil, natural gas, shellfish and snakes. But Louisiana sportsmen know their country as the catch basin for North America's greatest concentrations of wintering waterfowl. Every fall millions of ducks and blue geese from the Atlantic, Mississippi and Central Flyways funnel into this vast bog. During the gunning season there is such an abundance and variety of waterfowl that a man can pick and choose his bag, cafeteria style.

If the wildfowler had to pick one chunk of this bird-rich area in which to set out his decoys, it would be the Mississippi Delta, in the southern part of Plaquemines Parish at the mouth of the Mississippi. The road ends at Venice on the west bank of the river, and the only access from there to the Delta's few private hunting camps and the public shooting blinds on the 66,000-acre Pass-a-Loutre Waterfowl Management Area is by boat or floatplane.

"There's nothing very complicated about the attractions of the Delta for ducks and geese," says Dr. Leslie L. Glasgow, director of the Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries Commission. "For thousands of years, until man finally learned how to control it, the Mississippi frequently overflowed its banks, depositing countless tons of rich topsoil on the marshes of the lower Delta. As the river receded, this soil was dropped in the marsh ponds, creating ideal growing conditions for waterfowl food plants. Today widgeon grass grows abundantly in the brackish marsh ponds, and in the freshwater marshes—which produce the bulk of waterfowl food—there is jungle rice (millet), goose grass and delta duck potato, a nourishing tuber about the size of a thumbnail. Diving ducks like scaup and redheads do eat snails and other animal nutrients, but since most of the ducks that winter there are puddlers that feed largely on plant material, it is just about impossible to shoot a poor-eating bird in the Delta."

If the Mississippi Delta is the most productive waterfowl marsh in North America, it is also the most precarious—the Cajuns call it *la terre tremblant*, the trembling ground. "In dis place, a man got to walk fast, 'cause he sink before he get de next step," says Isidore Barrois, whose accent is a blend of lilting Southern drawl and harsh Cajun

(the Delta is not considered true Cajun bayou country, but many Delatians are of French descent). Isidore has spent most of his 69 years there, trapping muskrat and nutria, shooting ducks for the market and guiding visiting sportsmen. No one is more familiar with the twisting maze of waterways, the thick stands of roseau and crazy cane and the floating islands of the region.

The visiting gunner should learn to identify ducks by their local names if he wants to understand his guide. The most important wintering ducks are called by their common names—pinatis and widgeon. Teal are referred to as "bumblebees" or "never-hit birds," which is easy enough. From there on it gets a bit confusing. The gadwall is called a gray duck, the mallard a French duck, the lesser scaup a black duck, the black duck a mottled duck, the greater scaup a *des gris*, and so on.

Fortunately, a goose is a goose even in the Delta, and the local one is the blue, a medium-sized goose readily identifiable by its white head and neck and dark body. Nearly 75% of all the blue geese in North America make a 2,000-mile nonstop run every fall from James Bay in the Canadian Arctic to the Louisiana coast, where they spend the winter resting by day on the mud flats and grubbing out incredible amounts of duck potatoes and other succulent roots and bulbs at night. The time to shoot these plump birds is at dawn or just before sunset, when they are in flight to and from their feeding grounds. For the gunner crouching in a floating blind, the low-flying geese are easy targets—single flocks of 1,000 birds or more are common. But many a newcomer to the Delta has been so transfixed by the roar of thousands of flapping wings and the wild, high-pitched yelping of the blues that he forgets about shooting until all the birds suddenly have moved out of range.

The gunner who finds himself in such a predicament can either concentrate on ducks until the next flock of geese passes overhead or—if he has his limit—he can go fishing. The bays and passes of the Delta are full of redfish and sea trout. Just offshore, pompano, bluefish, red snapper and cobia are caught in the shadow of oil-drilling rigs, while out in the blue water there are marlin, sailfish and tuna.

Despite the constant encroachment on the marshes by the oil and natural gas industries, the Delta continues to build up, creeping farther and farther out into the gulf every year and creating more shelter and feed for the ducks and geese. "La terre tremblant got what de ducks and de geese want," says Isidore Barrois. "And she is not easy country to make tame. I think she stay de same for a long, long time."

—DUNCAN BARNES

One member of a satisfied party brings
his boat to dock and lays out port
of the bog from the morning's shoot.

The field mice with their Alphabet Offense

The scufflers from SMU were supposed to be a drag on the Southwest Conference, but they were tied for the lead going in against Arkansas, and had more plays and formations than anybody **by HERMAN WEISKOPF**

In August, when Southern Methodist hired an advertising agency to plug its football team, there was an immediate response from the public it was trying to woo: snickers and belly laughs. There was also a rush to the ticket offices—not those on Mockingbird Hill, but those belonging to the Dallas Cowboys, with whom SMU competes for the local entertainment dollar.

"Excitement '68" was the theme of the advertising campaign, a choice that fell flat when prospective ticket buyers considered the team's 3-7 record in '67 and the apparent absence of a quarterback who could turn that around with the promised excitement this fall. The experts coldly picked SMU for the Southwest Conference cellar. This was pretty much in keeping with the recent history of the Mustangs, who went 18 years without winning a championship despite the presence of such players as Kyle Rote, Raymond Berry, Fred Ben-ners and Don Meredith. Not even the team's dramatic first-place finish in 1966

could stave off interest in the Cowboys.

But the ad boys weren't kidding. Going into last week's game at Arkansas, SMU was tied for the conference lead, was 6-2 on the season, had the country's top passer and total-offense leader as well as the leading pass receiver and was scoring and getting scored on fast enough to account for better than 50 points a game. The circus was side-tracked, temporarily, at Little Rock Saturday, but it remained in style. What other team but the Mustangs could hold the opposition scoreless in the last quarter, score 29 points themselves and still lose? Any team that can almost win like that is a better draw than most real winners, and the Bluebonnet Bowl signed up the Mustangs on Monday.

The main reasons for SMU's improbable success are the two national statistics leaders—sophomore Quarterback Chuck Hixson and Jerry Levas, the flanker who may be better described as a split end because he is about the size of, and is as bubbly as, a small bottle

of champagne. The two stars take their parts in an offense concocted by Coach Hayden Fry that includes everything but Dr. Pepper at 10, 2 and 4. "I really have to concentrate just to do my job," Hixson says.

There are plays, for instance, such as Slot Right Fake 44 Boot at Six, Fake Levi Special FTD and Slot Left X Lz 42 Mustang that have actually accounted for some of the team's 33 touchdowns. Linemen often abandon the traditional four-point stance and stand almost upright—the better to read the defense and to drop back and protect Hixson, who has thrown as many as 69 passes in a game. The rest of Fry's attack is replete with so many slots, flankers, slants, splits, 1s, Ts, shifts, strong sides, weak sides, reverses, pitchouts, double hand-offs, pass routes and other mumbo jumbo that it might be labeled the Alphabet Offense. The SMU players have been called field mice and refugees from a third-period phys-ed class, and Fry characterizes himself as "dumber than I thought."

continued



THE MUSTANGS' TWO NATIONAL LEADERS, QUARTERBACK CHUCK HIXSON AND PASS RECEIVER JERRY LEVAS, ALMOST PULLED IT OUT

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But the scouts are not laughing at them any longer. Scouting the Alphabet Offense is like scouting a square dance.

At the center of all this is Hixson, the precocious sophomore who has now completed 239 of 417 passes for 2,755 yards and 18 touchdowns, obliterating sacred SWC records belonging to the hallowed likes of Meredith, Davey O'Brien and Sammy Baugh. Married and with a baby daughter, Hixson had to get up at 4 a.m. each day last summer to drive a bread truck to help support his family. "There must be better jobs in the world," he decided, and assuming that pro quarterback might be one of them, he came home from work each afternoon and threw 200 passes.

"I send in most of the plays," Fry says, "but Chuck sometimes calls audibles. Against Texas A&M, we led by six points, and I sent in a running play to use up time. When I heard him check it off at the line and call a pass I threw up my hands and thought, oh, no. But he completed it for a touchdown and we won. Pros say it takes five years to learn to call audibles. Well, Chuck has already called five or six for TDs and he's only a sophomore."

Against Arkansas, Hixson was blitzed unmercifully, his receivers dropped passes and the Mustangs fumbled six times. Down 7-0, Levias fumbled a pitchback on the Arkansas six, and thereafter SMU did not cross the Razorback 40 until it was 35-0. Then came the wondrous last-quarter charge that was to fall just short at 35-29.

In 14 minutes and four seconds of the game's final period Hixson completed 14 of 24 passes—plus two of three on extra-point tries—for 203 yards and four touchdowns. The SMU drives were for 63, 51, 25 and 37 yards, and what made this all the more amazing was that on two other occasions the Mustangs were stopped at the Arkansas 16. There was hardly a "soocy" to be heard in the whole incredible quarter.

"Ole Flypaper Hands," as Hixson calls Levias, caught eight of the passes, one for a touchdown and a bonus one for the points after. Though he is only 5' 10" (his estimate) and 174 pounds, and though he has been double and triple teamed all season, Levias has hung onto 74 passes for 1,025 yards and six touchdowns.

The first Negro ever recruited to play in the conference, it is doubtful that he

would have played football anywhere had it not been for his sister Charlena. "When I grew up in Beaumont," he explains, "I was always playing my sax or studying. But Charlena shoved me out of the house and locked the door so I would get some exercise. I tagged along with the big kids, and we played a lot of football." Two of those he tagged along with were cousins Miller and Mel Farr, now both pros, and he learned well.

Levias' statistics were so good as a high school senior that, as he puts it, "my coach had to cut them down because everyone thought he was lying about them to get me a scholarship."

At SMU, opponents tried to cut him down directly. They insulted him regularly, intimidated him and spat on him. But Levias has not tried to retaliate, and indeed often cracks jokes about himself. Good-naturedly, he even enjoyed wearing a Wallace hat and button that his teammates gave him. The whole college experience appears only to have made him better for it.

"And he'll make it big as a flanker in the pros," says Ernie Allen, backfield coach and scout for the Cowboys. "Forget his size. He's tough like Tommy Mc-

Donald, has the moves of Lance Alworth, can catch a ball in a crowd and adjusts to all kinds of coverage."

Levias, who has run 9.6 and can also dunk a basketball from a standing position, has, indeed, become a craftsman. "I learned a lot from summer workouts with Miller, who's a defensive back," Levias says of his cousin. "For instance, he taught me that a receiver often tips off when he'll make his cut or break by starting to chop his steps just before he turns or by bringing his hands up to help shift his weight." Levias often practices his steps, his fakes and other moves as he walks across campus.

"I always consider myself the underdog," he says. "I believe there is always someone better than me, and I always think that every defensive back that I face is the best in the nation. Even in my dreams I'm always the underdog. But in my dreams I always come out the winner."

More often than not, these days, Levias and his teammates *have* been winners, too. They enjoy football as never before, and even the folks as Dallas have stopped their snickers to buy tickets for Excitement '68.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

EAST

1. PENN STATE (8-0)
2. ARMY (6-3)
3. YALE (8-0)

Penn State's Joe Paterno worried that his unbeaten team might have a letdown against underdog Maryland. "You just never know what can happen when you play a team like that," he said. What happened was only that as usual the defense had to get Penn State rolling. Tackle Steve Smezer intercepted a Maryland pass and ran it back 40 yards, and fumble recoveries set up two more touchdowns. Then, on offense, Charlie Pittman, who is from Maryland, scored twice, and Halfback Bob Campbell and Fullback Don Abbey crunched over for two more touchdowns as the Lions went on to their 16th straight without a loss, 57-13, and moved into the Orange Bowl against Kansas.

Pity poor Pitt. The Panthers at last had a chance for an upset when Army led them only 6-0 at the half. But the dejection was only temporary. Cadet Quarterback Steve Lindell, checking off at the line of scrimmage, caught Pitt's defenders going right,

so he went left for 30 yards and a touchdown. A fumble set up a one-yard scoring plunge by Charlie Jarvis, Lynn Moore broke away for 25 yards and the Cadets coasted home 26-0 in their last test before the Navy game. The Middies, meanwhile, were trounced by Syracuse 44-6. Safetyman Cliff Enley was Navy's chief tormentor. He ran back nine punts for 130 yards, intercepted a pass and had nine tackles.

For the first time since Walter Camp had the story back in 1909, both Yale and Harvard will be unbeaten going into The Game Saturday in Cambridge. The winner will get the Ivy League title and the Big Three championship. The loser—well, Yale just announced that it was going coed, anyway. In preparation for Harvard the Elis warmed up by smashing Princeton 42-17 as Quarterback Brian Dowling and Halfback Calvin Hill broke an assortment of school records. Harvard just overpowered Brown 31-7.

Boston College, recovering from the experience of losing to Penn State and Army on successive weeks, got some soothing medicine—an easy 45-13 win over VMI. Rut-

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gers had to play catch-up against Holy Cross. But the Scarlet Knights rallied, Haliback Bryant Mitchell, who rushed for 152 yards to set a school single-season record (1,058), broke away for a 19-yard run and Rutgers won its seventh game 41-14. New Hampshire shut out Massachusetts 16-0 to share the Yankee Conference title with Connecticut, which swamped Rhode Island 35-6.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (8-0)
2. MICHIGAN (8-1)
3. KANSAS (8-1)

Showing no favoritism, Oklahoma beat an undefeated Big Eight leader for the second week in a row. First it was Kansas, this time Missouri. The Sooners grabbed the ball and kept it for their 28-14 win, leaving the Tigers' bowl hopes askew and winning a place in the Bluebonnet Bowl for themselves. Tailback Steve Owens had the ball most of the time, carrying 46 times for 177 yards and scoring three touchdowns while breaking Billy Vessels' single-season school rushing record.

"Most of our opponents just dislike us," said Kansas Coach Pepper Rodgers before the Kansas State game, "but out there in Manhattan they hate us." Obviously the feeling was mutual, as the teams played their customary thriller, the Jayhawks finally winning 38-29. Kansas Fullback John Riggins and K-State Quarterback Lynn Dickey, two of the most sought-after high school players in the state in 1967, had a duel. Riggins ran for 189 yards and broke open a close game late in the third quarter with an 83-yard dash to the Wildcat eight. Dickey, time and again hitting receivers crossing over the middle, completed 25 of 48 passes for 297 yards. This Saturday Kansas and Missouri, having both beaten everybody but Oklahoma, hope to settle the Big Eight championship amongst themselves at Missouri. Oklahoma, however, also has one conference loss and can tie for the title.

Nebraska beat Colorado 22-6, even though Buffalo Quarterback Bob Anderson set a league season record for total offense, giving the Cornhuskers excellent field position with four punt returns and taking another back for 62 yards and a score.

Ohio State and Michigan met for the Big Ten championship this week, and both were obviously already looking forward to it last Saturday. The Buckeyes ran up a 26-6 lead on Iowa at the end of three periods, but then Hawkeye Quarterback Mike Cilek triggered a 21-point comeback that had OSU gasping at the finish with a 33-27 win. Meanwhile, Michigan had its troubles early with Wisconsin (a loser in 18 of its last 19 games). Trailing at halftime by 9-7, Wolverine Halfback Ron Johnson had some choice words for his teammates. They got the mes-

sage and won going away 34-9 as Johnson scored all five touchdowns. Fullback Perry Williams scored on a five-yard run to give Purdue a 9-0 victory over fumbling Michigan State, and Illinois likewise shut out Northwestern 14-0. Fullback Jim Carter scored three touchdowns to lead Minnesota past Indiana, 20-6, in a game accented by a near free-for-all at the end that featured one intrepid Hoosier who limped onto the field from off the Indiana bench and broke his crutch over the helmet of a Minnesota player. Notre Dame Quarterback Terry Hanratty sat and watched from a wheelchair in the press box as the Irish smothered Georgia Tech 34-6. Quarterback Cleve Bryant had a hand in five touchdowns as Ohio U. (page 32) remained unbeaten by outscoring Cincinnati 60-48.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (7-1-1)
2. ARKANSAS (8-1)
3. HOUSTON (5-1-2)

The Southwest Conference race was down to two leaders—Arkansas and Texas—and chances are they will tie for the title. If that happens, Texas will go to the Cotton Bowl because the Longhorns beat Arkansas when they met. With such a lush prize in view, Texas wasn't taking any chances against TCU, and the Longhorns trampled the poor Frogs 47-21. In the process Texas ran up 26 first downs and 490 yards in total offense, 183 of them by Steve Worster.

Texas Tech, which had been in a four-way tie for the SWC lead, was sitting pretty—it thought—with a 28-13 spread over Baylor late in the third quarter. The Raiders, however, had perhaps forgotten that they have never beaten Baylor in Waco. If so, they were promptly reminded and, with Baylor Halfback Gene Rogers slashing the Tech defenses (he scored three times), the Bears made 29 points in 21 minutes and won 42-28. Baylor fans were so happy that they poured onto the field before the game ended and wouldn't leave until the band finished playing *That Good Old Baylor Line*.

Rice-Texas A&M was a battle of also-rans, but it was important to the Aggies' Ed Hargett, who completed 24 of 41 passes for 328 yards and two touchdowns to tie Sammy Baugh's SWC career record of 38 scoring passes. And the Aggies won 24-14.

Houston and Idaho were caught up in a tidy 7-3 battle, when suddenly the Vandals were vandalized. Houston touchdowns came so fast that the only Idaho players who got any offensive exercise were the members of the kickoff-return team. When the carnage finally ended Houston had piled up 793 yards and gone five over par to win 77-3. Wyoming, the Western A leader, rolled to a 26-0 lead over Texas-El Paso in the third quarter and then had to hang on for dear life to win 26-19.

WEST

1. USC (8-0)
2. OREGON STATE (6-3)
3. CALIFORNIA (6-2-1)

There were no secrets when USC and Oregon State got ready to play each other in Los Angeles for the Pacific Eight title and a place in the Rose Bowl. Oregon State's Doc Andros acknowledged that O. J. Simpson could hurt an opponent running inside, outside or up the side of the Memorial Coliseum. "He's the greatest runner in America," said Andros simply. USC's John McKay knew all about OSU Quarterback Steve Preece's wizardry at running the option and Fullback Bill Eyrart's thundering blasts up the middle. "Take away their option," said McKay, "and that Eyrart will murder you made." The big question was whether either team could stop the other—and at the half they both had. It was scoreless. Then, in the third quarter, OSU took a 7-0 lead on Eyrart's one-yard plunge. McKay had adjusted his offensive formation, moving Flanker Bob Chandler inside the split end to strengthen the blocking, and Simpson, who had been running mostly inside the tackles, began going outside. Carrying on almost every play, O.J. got the ball to the OSU 22, Quarterback Steve Sogge threw a neat pass to Terry DeGraaf and the score was tied. A little later Ron Ayala's 27-yard field goal put the Trojans ahead 10-7, and with 1:20 to go Simpson turned the corner and ran 40 yards for a touchdown and it was 17-7. But Oregon State wasn't finished. Preece hit Billy Marn with a 74-yard pass to cut the lead to 17-13. OSU went for two points but missed, and then came the inevitable come-kick that just failed. O.J. carried 47 times for 238 yards, and USC made the Rose Bowl for the third straight year. "We like to go there," said McKay. "It's kinda like our bowl."

The other Pacific Eight teams, meanwhile, were playing out the string. California, bolstering its best record in years, ran over Oregon 38-6, while Washington handed UCLA its sixth loss 6-0. Stanford beat Pacific 24-0 and Washington State clobbered San Jose State 46-0.

Arizona had to rally to edge Utah 16-15 on Steve Hurley's 27-yard field goal with three seconds to go, and Arizona State rolled over Brigham Young 47-12. Air Force defeated Tulsa 28-8.

SOUTH

1. GEORGIA (7-0-2)
2. TENNESSEE (6-1-1)
3. ALABAMA (7-2)

The taste of success was there. The reports were that Georgia already had a Sugar Bowl bid, and the only team standing in its path to the SEC title and another bid was surprising Auburn. Tickets to the game commanded \$100 a pair. Showing little worry

continued

under pressure of the big game, the Bulldogs eased past the Tigers 17-3, scoring all their points in the second quarter. Guard Steve Greer recovered Auburn fumbles at the Tiger 26 and 47 to set up a field goal and a Mike Cavan-to-Kent Lawrence touchdown pass, and later Cavan sneaked over himself from the one.

Tennessee intercepted a record seven passes because two Vol linebackers, Steve Kiner and Jack Reynolds, saw a flaw in Ole Miss Quarterback Archie Manning's passing. "He looks where he's throwing," said Kiner. Volunteer quarterbacks were apparently slier. Bubba Wyche found Gary Kneis and Les McClain open for two 37-yard touchdown passes, and Bobby Scott hit McClain for another score on the way to a 31-0 victory and a trip to the Cotton Bowl.

Luckless, witless Mississippi State, after outplaying highly favored LSU, lost a down and a football game 20-16. Behind by only 14-13 in the last minute of the third quarter, State had first and 10 on the LSU 12. A pass gained almost 10, but a fumble then lost two yards. State called time. When play resumed the Bulldogs noticed that the sideline marker showed fourth down. Officials

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Michigan Halfback Ron Johnson ran wild against Wisconsin. He scored five times on runs of 35, 67, 1, 60 and 49 yards, rushed for 347 yards to set a new Big Ten record, and also broke Tom Harmon's school career mark.

THE LINEBACKER: Linebacker Mike Wodger led VPI to a 17-6 win with a blitz that overwhelmed South Carolina Quarterback Tommy Suggs. He had 16 unassisted tackles and personally trapped Suggs five times for 41 yards in losses.

missed that was correct and, after an argument, State settled for a field goal.

"I guess defense is an old-fashioned way to win a football game," Alabama's Bear Bryant apologized smugly. Neither the Miami nor the Bama offense had generated any earthquake noticeable on the Richter measuring scale, and it had been a slightly soggy 14-6 Crimson tidal wave, but a win is a win. At one point in the third quarter Miami had exactly 51 times as much rushing yardage as Alabama—51 yards to one—but interceptions nullified every Hurri-

cane threat until the last three minutes.

Needing a win against South Carolina next week to take his third straight ACC title, Clemson Coach Frank Howard kept injured Tailback Buddy Gore in civies against North Carolina. So sophomore Ray Yaeger, playing in his place, gained 201 yards in 35 carries to beat Gore's best mark. On his last carry Yaeger broke his left forearm. "He was on the verge of a record," Howard said. "I told him to carry on every play. If I hadn't I'd never be able to live with it." Almost incidentally, Clemson beat the Tar Heels 24-14 as Yaeger led two touchdown marches within 25½ minutes in the second half to put it away.

Duke's Leo Hart passed for two touchdowns in an 18-3 victory over Wake Forest, while becoming the first ACC player to attain more than 2,000 yards in total offense. Florida State gave North Carolina State its worst defeat in 15 years, 48-7, but Virginia had the most to celebrate in 16 years. The Cavaliers had not had a winning season since Harry Truman was in the White House, but a wild 63-47 victory over Tulane at last guaranteed Virginia a winning record.

END

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It has been a creeping awareness developed through several hits, but theatergoers are now onto the fact that New York Playwright **Neil Simon** has this hang-up about sport. One half of *The Odd Couple* was a sportswriter, the heroine of *The Star-Spangled Girl* was an Olympic swimmer and a character in *Picco Sore* has a number of things to say about jockeys and the Los Angeles Rams. Now, Simon's new musical, *Promises, Promises*, contains the song, *She Likes Basketball*, sung by male lead Jerry Orbach as he waits for his girl outside Madison Square Garden before a Knicks-Celtics game. She does not show, the Knicks lose 129-125 and the hero sighs, "Well, it doesn't sound like we missed much." And, with his secret out in the open at last, Playwright Simon confessed to being a wild sports buff and said what he missed: "All I wanted, if I ever became rich enough, was to see every Giants home game. Then I did get rich enough, and the Giants moved to San Francisco."

◆ Australia's Prime Minister **John Gorton** swamswim up for the opening of an enlarged surf-lifesaving headquarters in North Bondi, a suburb of Sydney. Vigorous beyond most U.S. political

leadership standards, he took part in a swimming relay and later rowed stroke in the local club's lifesaving boat. The occasion was cheerful and pleasant but also served as a sober reminder that the efficiency of such clubs cannot be taken lightly in a country that lost Gorton's predecessor, **Harold Holt**, in a sea-bathing accident last year.

An Olympic decathlon champion certainly sounds like just the man to play Tarzan, but **Bill Toomey**, when asked if he'd like to take on the movie role, is reported to have said, "I'm not the type. Besides, I can't even climb a tree." His mother says he can, too.

Remember **Charles Atlas**? He is still going, you should pardon the expression, strong and so are sales of his body-building courses. Apparently, so many European men are still having sand kicked in their faces that **Charles Reema**, Atlas' business partner of some four decades, has just arrived in London to find larger office quarters and an increased staff to handle the growing European demand for the courses. It is true that the body of Roman himself, a former Atlas student, was built up only to 149 pounds, but the story that



Mohandas Gandhi took the Atlas course and remained the slight figure he had been is not true. Twenty-six years ago the Mahatma was offered a course free, and his reply was, "I have met some inventive Americans, but Mr. Atlas takes the first prize. Mind you, I would be delighted to have him work on me—if I could find someone to pay his passage to India."

◆ Everyone knows that all the world loves a winner, and there was 18-year-old **Penelope Plummer**, Miss Australia, at a party, meeting **Dave Hemery**, who had won a gold medal in the 400-meter hurdles at Mexico City. Winner Dave promptly dated her up for a ball at Cambridge University and another dance at the London Hihoo. But Penny went on to win the Miss World title, and her sudden lineup of social obligations eliminated Dave. Moral: a man's best friend is his medal.

Warriors Forward **Bill Turner** eats his dessert first and goes on from there. He likes dessert, he explains, and wants to eat it with full appreciation—if he had the rest of the meal first, it might

spoil his appetite. This fact is not going to make life any easier for parents across the country who are busily telling their kids, "Eat your spinach or no ice cream because you want to grow up big and tall like daddy, don't you?" Daddy is probably 5' 7". Bill Turner is 6' 7" and weighs in at 220.

If the current jogging craze does not seem to do it, follow the lead of **Harova Tazieff**, considered one of the world's foremost volcanologists, a science carried on inside craters. The Belgian-born Tazieff trained to swim the English Channel as a teen but couldn't get over 10 miles, then took up boxing, running (1,500 to 3,000 meters), cross-country, skiing, golf and weight lifting. All of which were fine, "but the sport I love best is Rugby," Tazieff says. He took that up at 40, still plays football forward with a Paris team and three or four times a year joins an "old boys" team—once returning from a volcano in Chile for a match against the Welsh. Tazieff clearly is not an office type but he offers hope to us all, since he is now 54 and still healthy enough to climb back out of any old volcano he can climb into.

Quang Van Soe is the 7-year-old son of **Nguyen Van San**, Hanoi's man in London, and he is learning cricket at his school in Hampstead. He has carefully explained the game to his parents, and his mother, who writes for a home-town newspaper while dad is off at the Paris peace talks, says that for all she knows the boy may try to introduce cricket to North Vietnam. Fine. If pop's team loses at the negotiating tables, perhaps young Quang can revive that old English adage about sport and win a little peace on the playing fields of Hanoi.



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In a new setting and with a streamlined format to eliminate 2 a.m. classes, the 85th National was a joy, especially during the . . .

Flight of an acrobatic Aussie

The suspense is over. The question that has haunted the horse-show world all year—can the National survive at the new Madison Square Garden?—has been answered affirmatively. The crepe-hangers can sink back into the shadows and the yea-sayers can sing, "We told you so." This year's was the 85th National, and now there will be an 86th, because it was a good show.

A new setting, of course, called for some drastic changes in format, and the National's hierarchy is an old and often hidebound organization. But it was surprisingly pliable this time. The show's program was streamlined, some divisions were dropped altogether and a blue-ribbon qualifying screen kept many other horses away from New York. The limited stabling at the new arena proved to be an excellent excuse for demanding the presence of only quality entries.

And the result was that spectators saw about four classes a night, nearly all of them worth seeing. What's more, everyone was on his way for a nightcap by 11 p.m. Gone were the endless events that bored and exhausted patrons until 2 a.m. and ran up the overtime costs for Garden employees.

Naturally there were a few exhibitors who mourned the old Garden, forgetting the damp and poorly ventilated cellar stalls, and some boxholders missed the promenade area at ringside, scene of the high-fashion parades. But everyone else was pleased, especially Walter Devereux, the show's president. Gate receipts were considerably higher than in previous years, though how much higher is a secret as carefully guarded as a Super Bowl game plan. No one in authority has yet mentioned the word profits, but even Ned Irish, the Garden's boss and no

SEPARATE JUMPS by Australia's Kevin Bacon and his horse got both over the fence.

great lover of horse shows, was seen to smile briefly.

Rebelling all the innovations, there was a new team in the show's feature event, the international classes. As in past years Brazil, Canada, England and the U.S. were represented, but Australia sent a team for the first time, and it was the Aussies who caused the greatest excitement. Their chief attention-getter was Kevin Bacon, whose unorthodox riding style brought gasps of laughter and disbelief every time he entered the ring on his gelding, Chichester. This is the way they always perform. Approaching a fence, Bacon jumps first, Chichester follows and they meet on the other side—somehow. It seems to be the perfect example of the wrong way to do things, with Chichester jumping more like a stag than a horse, and Bacon flying out of the saddle in his best stunt-man style. At the Garden his grunts and shouts at each fence echoed to the top balconies, but since classic form doesn't count in this event and Bacon does have an extraordinary sense of timing, he won the International Individual Championship by a comfortable point margin.

There was no comfort for the U.S. Equestrian Team's Kathy Kusner, however. Just prior to the show Kathy finally received a license to ride in Thoroughbred races in Maryland (5th, Nov. 18), and she planned her debut on the track after the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. But during the competition for the Royal Winter Fair Trophy, a speed class, her chestnut mare, Fru, ran into trouble at a combination obstacle. Kathy was pitched to the ground, and the mare turned a somersault before coming down hard. Fru got up but Kathy did not. She had to be carried from the ring and was found to have suffered a spiral fracture of the right tibia, which will keep her out of action for at least three months. Before their spectacular crash, Fru and Kathy had won one class as well as placing second in another, but Kathy also took a spill when she rode Untouchable in the International Pussance. The wall was set at 6' 9", but Untouchable, who had jumped that height and more several times in the past, was unable to make it. The blocks flew in all directions, and Kathy was thrown

continued

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into a nearby fence. This time she was not hurt.

When the wall was raised again—to 7' 1"—the event became a duel between Frank Chapot on San Lucas, a past Puissance winner, and England's Harvey Smith on O'Malley, a horse that holds the Canadian high-jump record. Jumping first, San Lucas hit the obstacle hard; Chapot was pitched in front of him and then kicked. Frank had to be led from the ring and was disqualified for not leaving mounted. O'Malley and Smith then sailed over the wall to win the stake. Chapot, stiff and sore, took a day off and, full of Butazolidin, came back on Saturday, rode in the rest of the show and was the leading U.S. competitor.

One more accident plagued the U.S. team. On opening night Carol Hofmann took a spill in the schooling area and was laid up for two days. Despite all this bad luck, the U.S. still easily won the International Team Championship for the fourth year in a row.

Though mishaps occur at almost every show, the troubles continuing to beset the Walking Horse are hardly accidental. At the American Royal in Kansas City, which ended just before the National began, the chronic difficulties flared again. Fortunately, the Royal's judge repeatedly dismissed sore horses from the ring, but the old abuses were in evidence. Some exhibitors now are achieving a "scoring" effect through shoeing—building up the heel so that the coffin bone is forced down, eventually the horse becomes permanently lame. Still another method used is to sew in sash cord or lead, not readily visible, around the edge of the boot, so that as the boot hits in the pastern area it leaves a bruise, also not visible. But no matter what the means, the result is a sore horse, and he should be disqualified.

California authorities have found a solution to the problem, and their idea was copied for the first time this year at the Kentucky State Fair. All other shows with Walking Horse classes should do the same. The horses are collected before the class, and each is inspected for soundness by one or more veterinarians. Those that are sore are not allowed even to enter the ring. This can prove to be very embarrassing to show officials; some have been obliged to cancel classes after all entries were disqualified. They should be proud to be embarrassed more often.

END



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DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

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CHAPTER TWO: THE RENAULT 16 SEDAN-WAGON



Our story opened with the Renault 10. And that chapter is being written every day. At last count, there were over 35,000 Renault 10's on the road.

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There is much, much more we'd like to tell you about the Sedan-Wagon. Not the least of which is its price. \$2,445 P.O.R.* But it is rapidly becoming apparent that in writing about chapter two, we are beginning to write a book.

To be continued.



FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE NEAREST DEALER OR WRITE: RENAULT INC. 130 ELYSIAN AVENUE, BOX 1, ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, NEW JERSEY 07632

A happy hunting ground—for fishermen

Hunters who pack the long miles into the rugged hills of Montana's beautiful Flathead National Forest in the fall will have it good. But trout fishermen, if they travel with Charles Ray, could have it even better

In late fall, when the tamaracks are orange and gold along the western slope of the Continental Divide, most people come to the Flathead National Forest in Montana to hunt. They are rarely disappointed, because some of the finest hunting in North America is there.

The forest's more than 2½ million acres are home to one of the nation's major elk herds, to moose, mule deer and white-tails. The mountains, which rise to more than 9,000 feet, are studded with mountain goats and bighorn sheep. Black bears share their browse with the country's largest concentration of grizzlies outside Alaska. Bobcats, mountain lions, Canada lynx, coyotes and wolverine roam the backcountry. Grouse—ruffed, blue and Franklin's—are everywhere, along

with golden-mantled squirrels and snowshoe rabbits.

With such a surfeit of game, it is not surprising that hunters from every part of the nation head for the area in fall. What is surprising is that they are not outnumbered by anglers, because the flat fishing in the Flathead National Forest is even better than the hunting. From late September until the first big snows in November, the streams and tributaries of the Flathead River offer what may well be the best angling for cutthroat trout, whitefish and Dolly Varden trout in the country.

Anglers have been fishing the main waters of the Flathead for decades, and a 50-mile stretch of the river above Columbia Falls to Flathead Lake is na-

tionally recognized as a blue-ribbon trout stream. But the best-known sections of the river—those stretches which flow near roads and are accessible by car and camper—while certainly outstanding by average measures, are only average when compared to the fishing waters deep in the forest, beyond the roads and the tourist cabins and the wayside stands.

There in the wilderness, beneath the awesome 1,000-foot-high escarpment of the Chinese Wall, the Middle Fork of the Flathead River rises on the west slope of the Continental Divide. The waters flow through remote woods and glaciated canyons, over rocks 750 million years old, along paths carved first when the ice melted from the valleys 12 million years ago. Between the river's source

continued



OUTFITTER CHARLES RAY, WHO WOULD RATHER FISH THAN HUNT, TRIES HIS LUCK FOR CUTTHROAT TROUT AT SCOTT LAKE

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FISHING continued

and Bear Creek, where it emerges from the wilderness to form the southern boundary of Glacier National Park, the Middle Fork passes through some of the most primitive reaches of the Flathead National Forest and links together a network of streams and riverlets filled with fish.

And the fish are big. Twenty- to 25-pound Dolly Vardens are not unusual in these waters. Each year uncountable numbers of such trophy-sized fish migrate here to spawn, traveling 100 miles or more from the river's eventual end in Flathead Lake. But Dolly is not the only heavyweight in the Forest. High in the mountains, in tiny snow-rimmed lakes tucked away among cliffs and ramparts, the rainbow trout grow at least as big and certainly as sassy. When it comes to battle, the Middle Fork's whitefish and kokanee salmon are no slouches either. Both are fall and winter spawners and are most abundant in the forest's waters at this time of year. But the fall fishing favorite and champion of the wilderness, though definitely a lightweight contender, is the cutthroat trout. It is a lightweight only on the scales.

Like the rainbow, the cutthroat is a native Westerner, but unlike its Rocky Mountain cousin, it has stuck close to home. There are no cutthroat trout in the Eastern U.S., which is why so few anglers on the flat side of the Rockies know the fish, and even inside its original range, rainbows and other introduced fish have taken over many of the cutthroat's native streams. As anyone who has ever caught one—or better still, eaten one—knows, among trout the cutthroat, in spite of its inelegant name and unpublicized fame, is perhaps the most distinguished of all.

It is certainly the most colorful. Its silver body is spotted with bright black polka dots, and its sides are a gaudy, glistering crimson. It flaunts its trademark—a pair of crescent-shaped red slashes—under its chin. As lively in action as in appearance, the cutthroat combines the quickness and spirit of the rainbow with the persistence and pugnacity of the Dolly Varden. And if such a combination is not recommendation enough, the cutthroat can also claim the sweetest and most succulent flesh of all the trout. When the fish is broiled on an open fire alongside a mountain stream, the taste alone more than justifies the difficulties of getting to cutthroat country.

There are difficulties. A fall fishing trip into the Flathead National Forest is never an ordinary jaunt. It can, in fact, become a rather extraordinary experience when nature chooses to make it so. Mountain temperatures rise and fall in autumn with schizophrenic frequency. A sudden mountain snow storm can turn a golden afternoon into an arctic evening. Heavy rain, which may begin and end without warning, can wash away a trail in a few minutes or mire it in mud.

Even when the weather is fair and the trails are good, getting into the forest involves somewhat more than a hop, skip and a jump. It may mean an all-day pack on horseback simply to reach base camp. From there, getting to specific streams may involve any number of shorter packs and perhaps a night on the trail. There are no hot-dog stands along the way, nor is an angler likely to run into traffic. But he can run into trouble if he tackles such a trip on his own, and fishing guides in the fall, unfortunately, are about as scarce as silver quarters.

Although a number of outfitters operate in the Flathead National Forest, at this time of year most of them concentrate on hunting, which is one good reason why the forest's spectacular fall fishing has gone undiscovered for so long. Most of these outfitters do pack fishermen into the backcountry—but in summer. Then the fishing is rarely as good as in fall, the waters are high and murky and the insects are almost as big as the fish. For the outfitters, it is a simple question of profit. The going rate for a fishing trip in summer or fall is \$17.50 a day. The average hunting trip, on the other hand, runs \$35 a day. Since the pack stock, provisions and camp set-up involved are about the same for both trips, it is easy to see why few guides have bothered soliciting fall anglers when there are hunters around.

A notable exception is Charles Ray of Whitefish, Mont., who has been guiding in the Flathead National Forest for 27 years. With his wife Pat and daughter Dixie, Ray runs one of the better outfitting operations in the forest. His base camp, at the intersection of Dolly Varden and Shafter Creeks, is a 14-mile pack in from the nearest road. Ray is currently at work building a larger and more luxurious camp a mile away at Shafter Meadow, where there is a small landing strip that will permit less horse-orient-

ed sportsmen to fly in. The new camp, like his present one, will be both a hunting and fishing setup, but Ray makes no pretense about which of the sports he prefers. Half a dozen rods stand always ready beside his tent, and invariably there is a trout fly or two hooked into his heavy woodsman's jacket. Rods and flies are frequently exercised because the whitefish angling, just yards from the main camp, is excellent, as is the Dolly Varden and salmon fishing for miles in either direction.

Most anglers would be content to spend the rest of their fishing days on this kind of water, but when it comes to his favorite sport, Charles Ray is harder to please. He has a couple of places he likes better—Scott Lake, nine miles west of camp, and Flotilla Lake, a two-mile pack from there which seems straight-up all the way. Because of the distance, fishing at these lakes involves setting up a spike camp on the edge of Scott (only a mountain goat could camp at Flotilla).

Flotilla is a rainbow lake, and the fish are so numerous they have trouble keeping out of each other's way. The water is deep, clear and very cold, and if the banks were sloped at a slightly less acute angle, a fisherman might well decide to stay forever. As it is, he may stay longer than he planned if he doesn't watch his footing.

Scott, in contrast to Flotilla, is small, still and remarkably shallow. Its banks are choked with marsh grass, and if the water were not so clear, the lake might be mistaken for a stagnant swamp. It looks to be a thoroughly unlikely place to find any trout at all, but after a single cast, an angler knows otherwise. The lake is loaded with cutthroats, and the fishing, both with big, dark dry flies and with spoons, may well be the best in the forest. The only real drawback to fishing Scott Lake is figuring out how not to catch the limit (10 fish a day) in the first half hour.

On a recent fishing trip, one angler's first five casts produced three fish, one strike and one hooked and lost. The fish that did not get away were not exactly sardines either. Most of the cutthroats in the limit ran between a pound and a pound and a half. Two of the fish were closer to two pounds. In the cutthroat world, these are big fish. In the Flathead National Forest, they are simply average.

END

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Each year on the eve of the running of the rich Garden State, which is supposed to decide the 2-year-old championship as well as the winter book favorite for the following season's Kentucky Derby, track boss Eugene Mori throws a mighty bash at the nearby Cherry Hill Inn. At these functions trainers and owners spend much of the time swapping polite lies, telling each other half-truths and, fortified by the good juices that flow from a multitude of portable bars all over the joint, trying to convince themselves that miracles still happen on the racetrack.

Last Friday evening at the Cherry Hill Inn most of the conversation naturally centered around Steve Wilson's champion *pro tem*, Top Knight, who had smothered his fields in the East's three top juvenile races—the Hopeful, the Futurity and the Champagne—while winning close to \$300,000. Trainer Ray Metcalf was hardly one to disguise his optimism. "Sure, I think he should win," he said between trips to the dance floor. "And if we have any luck I know we will win."

Eddie Neloy, who trains Beau Brummel for Ogden Mills (Dinny) Phipps, was slightly more cautious: "Of course, I think Top Knight is the best colt. He beat my two best, Reviewer and King Emperor, so I gave them a rest for awhile. But I have to take a shot at this colt with Beau Brummel, because he keeps improving all the time. He's never won a stakes but he's never been out of the money in seven starts. Also, he's won here while Top Knight hasn't raced on this track. Beau Brummel is by Round Table, whose get usually are slower than some to mature. He must be conceded some chance of beating Top Knight. Some chance, not a big one."

When the field of 10 set off after the gross purse of \$312,660 under overcast skies last Saturday afternoon, Top Knight was the 2-to-5 favorite. With lukewarm benevolence the crowd of 27,707 installed Beau Brummel as the 9-to-2 second choice. But for a few moments it looked as if neither colt would get to the finish line when it counted most. Distinctive and Stretchpoint barreled out in front, while Manuel Ycaza had Top Knight back in sixth place, and Braulio Baeza, aboard Beau Brummel, had just one horse beaten going into the clubhouse turn.

Phipps adds a new Beau to its string

"My God," moaned Metcalf as he watched Ycaza wrestling around in the middle of the pack with Top Knight.

"If I was riding the horse, I'd sure be keeping him much closer to the pace than that. This is not one of the jock's best rides."

At that point Ycaza knew it would not be one of Top Knight's best races. "I don't know if it could be a tendon

bothering him or what," said Manuel later, "but all the way he kept switching leads, changing strides and doing a certain amount of climbing. From the half-mile pole I was trying to get him to lay up closer, but he had no punch. We had clear sailing, but my colt just didn't react."

Baeza had no such problems with Beau Brummel. "I had to take him back slightly in the first turn," he said, "but after that he settled down nicely for me. I drifted out with him a bit going into the far turn to get clear running room, and the rest he did on his own." And how he did. Beau Brummel steamed into the stretch in fifth place, took the lead at the 16th pole and won, drawing away, by nearly two lengths. Stretchpoint, who had been first or second all the way, held on to be second, just a nose in front of Top Knight, with Prevailing fourth.

Beau Brummel covered the mile and 1/16th in a fair 1:44 3/5, but the way he finished was significant. Now, of course, he must be reckoned with in the coming 3-year-old campaign. When he, Reviewer and King Emperor start running at Hialeah, the Phipps empire should win a big share of the Florida purses. And that's not all. "Every stable," says Neloy, "likes to kid about having a better one back in the barn, and in our case it may be true. We also have a Bold Ruler colt named King of the Castle, who was awfully slow to break his maiden, but I have a mysterious faith in him. He could be the best of the bunch."

Faith is what kept Beau Brummel in top company, too. "Why, a year ago," says Neloy, "I didn't think this colt was worth five cents. He was last string in our stable, not just third string. If he wasn't so well-bred, he would have been running in claimers."

The 1968 Garden State was no claimer, and now Beau Brummel goes to Florida with a performance record to match his breeding. If he is the colt to bring the Phipps family its first Kentucky Derby winner, he will have to beat, among others, the undefeated Canadian champion Viceregal, a son of Northern Dancer owned by E. P. Taylor, Fleet Allied, Fleet Kirsch, Dike, Pellinore, Drone and True North. And then there's also his own stablemate still in the barn. Don't forget him.

END



BAEZA WEIGHS OUT AFTER BE'S WIN





PLAY BALL, YOU

?!¢%&*#/\$!

Army officers (repeat: officers) are still convinced that soldiers stay in shape and out of trouble if they are kept busy at games

by BIL GILBERT

Sports and soldiering go closely together. Many of the games people play are simply war games in civvies—boxing, wrestling, fencing, lacrosse, the pentathlon, basketball. The javelin is a spear, the shot a cannonball, the scull a cutdown galley, polo a refined charge of the light brigade. Then, of course, there is the common language of the two, so to speak, disciplines. Sports and war scribes are forever describing fiercely contested battles, slashing attacks, beleaguered defenses, crushing defeats, stunning victories, and they frequently brood about strategy, tactics, reserves, morale, *esprit de corps*.

Nor is this relationship simply an allegorical, archaeological or accidental one. It is intrinsic. More games are played in armies than anywhere else, because armies are where young men who like to play games are at and also because old men who run armies have

continued



DRAWINGS BY MICHAEL BARLO

always encouraged, and not infrequently even ordered, games to be played. Very probably we throw the javelin not because a bunch of GIs from Cohort III got together in their spare time to heave the old spear but because they were gotten together by a career centurion. "O.K., you men, after chow we break out the #*%+S! javelin. I want to see who can throw the #*%+S! thing the farthest. It'll give you some rest and recreation, like a #*%+S! game. But I want this understood. If any of those #*%+S! from the Vth Cohort throw it farther than you do next Saturday, don't plan on any passes for the rest of the #*%+S! month."

The millennium-long infatuation of the military establishment for games and gamesmen was, of course, made a legitimate relationship by the famous conclusion drawn to explain the events of June 17 and 18, 1815. "The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," the Duke of Wellington said, and his pluperfect words on the subject always remain close to the lips of all athletic brass.

Predictably, however, the effects of the duke's sentiments have hardly been welcomed by enlisted men, whose favorite army sport is how to escape playing army sport. Speaking in rebuttal to Wellington, a specialist fourth class, who prepped on the sandlots of Indiana, declares: "These officers, they say, O.K. men, we want you to all sign up for softball. You know why? You know where they go then—they go to the Officers' Club."

At the moment, the officer assigned by the United States Army to explain the Wellington Theory—and to have the contrary-thinking enlisted men execute it—is Colonel Don Miller. A big, obviously fit man of apparent high morale, Colonel Miller looks like what he once was, a varsity boxer at the University of Wisconsin, and what he now is, which is officially the top sport of the U.S. Army.

As chief of the Army Education and Morale Support directorate, in the Adjutant General's office, Miller is responsible for a variety of ancillary activities,

including transporting dancing girls and rock 'n' roll groups to Vietnam for educational and morale reasons. However, a significant province of his administrative empire is the Army sports program, which occupies some 3,600 military and civilian employees, costs approximately \$30 million a year and results in some 69 million acts of participation in something each year. All of this easily makes Miller the athletic director with the greatest jurisdiction in the country, and quite possibly the world, although comparative figures from the Moscow office of Colonel Boris Smirnov are not available.

Considering his job and background, it is not surprising that Miller speaks not unlike a university athletic director when he begins to elaborate on the philosophy of his shop. "The Army," he says, "has learned that a strong sports program increases physical fitness, aggressiveness and loyalty, improves morale and provides wholesome recreational outlets for young men."

While Colonel Miller is a military man, what he says—"increases . . . , improves . . . , provides wholesome . . . , etc."—has been said and will surely be said again and again by the brass of the NCAA, AAU, USOC, by corporation executives, presidential consultants, school board directors, bowling-alley operators and many, many others who for one reason or another are sport promoters. So often is this dogma invoked to justify our current massive commitment—economic, energetic, emotional—to games-playing that it seems almost un-American to note that there is little hard evidence that supports the premise regarding the goodness of sports.

Take, for example, the linchpin assumption of both civilian and military philosophies of games: games are good for your health and they make you fit. There is some evidence that a certain amount of moderate exercise—walking, very slow running or calisthenics—may improve the quality and length of human life. However, there are only a few clinical studies which indicate that participation in conventional competitive sports does the same thing. In fact, here

and there you will even get a whisper (as noted, all of this is faintly subversive) that games are actually bad for you.

"If you quote me I will deny it and maybe sue," a physician who is very big in sports medicine opened a discussion of the question. "However, the truth is that hard games constitute an unnatural and unnecessary strain on the system. I treat athletes when they are athletes for torn muscles, slipped discs, concussions, fractures, ulcers, fatigue, insomnia. I see them after they have quit playing. Many of them are hobbled by old injuries, seriously overweight because the muscle has turned to fat, prone to coronaries, restless because they miss the excitement and the adrenalin-stimulating situations. Considering the kind of world we live in, a slight, unmuscular man who sits at a desk adding up figures all day and watches a lot of television in the evening and avoids vigorous games like the plague is more likely to lead a long, healthy, happy life than an athlete."

At the request of Colonel Miller, several military and civilian secretaries spent several weeks sporadically recontacting file cabinets, looking for a report by Army physicians, which Miller recalled contradicted the critical diagnosis of games made by the bashful medicine man. In fact, Colonel Miller said he remembered that this report reached an exactly opposite conclusion—that gamesmen were fitter than non gamesmen. Besides, Colonel Miller said that both tradition and common sense indicated that games were good for you. As for tradition, Colonel Miller provided a position paper prepared for General Pershing in 1917. "The modern Army sports program more or less began with the Pershing study," said Miller. The half-century-old paper stated that it always has been recognized that playing games was good for soldiers.

As for common sense, Colonel Miller said that during his career he had often encountered units which were gung-ho for sports, and that these units were better ones militarywise than ones which were not gung-ho for sports. Col-

continued

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Peas & #S! *continued*

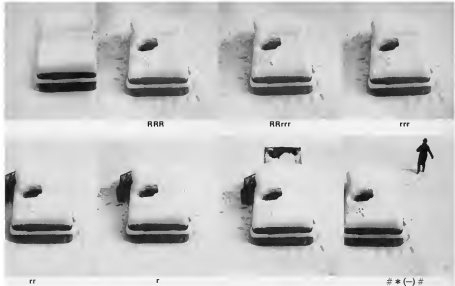
onel Miller asked two of his subordinates, Lieut. Colonel Ingle and Lieut. Colonel Mendenhall, who were sitting in on the discussion, if they agreed with him. They both said they did agree, that their experience had been similar to his, that there was an obvious connection between physical fitness, military efficiency and gung-ho-ness for games.

"Now it is quite possible that you might devise exercises that would have the same value as sports so far as fitness goes," Colonel Miller conceded judiciously, "but there is more to sports than just fitness. Sports teach men unit loyalty, to make decisions under pressure. Most important, sports are something men get enthusiastic about—participate in voluntarily on their own time. This promotes good morale. Any unit commander knows he is going to have fewer problems if his men are on the post playing softball or watching their buddies play than if they are off raising hell in some honky-tonk."

What Colonel Miller is touching on here is the second fundamental tenet of military sporting philosophy, the Clean Nose Theory, which reads in its entirety: "A man playing games may not be doing anything constructive, but he is keeping his nose clean." Though no great man has lent his name to this article of faith, the Clean Nose Theory is probably more ancient than the Wellington Theory. Also, belief in the Clean Nose Theory is probably the single most important reason why games have, almost without historical exception, been insisted upon by all sorts of establishments—political, civilian or military—by responsible, conservative people in charge of tribes, cities, countries, schools, jails, birthday parties. Specifically in terms of the military, if you are a Colonel Miller, GIs who bust softballs are less trouble than those who bust and get busted by MPs.

"No," says Miller, forestalling a question, "I don't think any statistics have been collected, but it would be interesting to compare a good and bad sports unit in such things as AWOL, VD, court martial or reenlistment rates. I think you will find the unit where sports are

continued



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encouraged to be the superior unit. At least that has been my personal experience."

Lieut. Colonels Ingle and Mendenhall again agreed that that has also been their experience, that sports do indeed keep men's noses clean. Indeed, the Army writes orders, administers, spends money and issues bats and balls as if the goodness of sports was a matter of fact.

Generally the Army sports program is organized somewhat like that of a university, there being opportunities for both intramural and extramural play. Intramural games—where soldiers play against soldiers for battalion trophies in post leagues, in bowling alleys, swimming pools, or where soldiers organize sky-diving clubs, scuba clubs, hunting associations—are, according to Colonel Miller, much more important to the Army than extramural (varsity) competition, in which soldiers box marines, run footraces against NCAAs or play basketball against the Russians.

"When I'm called up on the carpet to report on the sports program," Colonel Miller confides, "the question is always, what are we doing to encourage participation at all levels? If sports help make better soldiers, we want to reach as many men as we possibly can. That is our mission."

Given the almost instinctive civilian suspicion that military commands are loaded with hanky-panky artists, and also given the great amount of proven guff one hears from civilian sports on this same subject ("So far as this university is concerned, having a girls' volleyball team is just as important as going to the Sugar Bowl"), the declaration that the Army prizes its slow-pitch softball leagues as much as it does its Olympic medal winners is a hard one to swallow. However, there is considerable evidence that the Army means what it says about participation—at least more than almost any civilian sporting agency. For one thing, Army discipline being somewhat stronger than academic, the wishes of a Colonel Miller being more important to a Special Services lieutenant

passing out softballs than the opinions of a college president are to an assistant football coach passing out scholarships, the Army is simply better able to make sure that its men will practice what it preaches.

"Over all, our society is becoming more sedentary," declares Colonel Miller. "We are inducting more and more youngsters who haven't had much previous experience or interest in sports. Those are the ones we want to involve. The superjocks are going to play anyway. Also, we hope that our program will have some carry-over value for kids when they return to civilian life. That is one reason we are doing much more than we did formerly with golf, bowling, tennis, things like that."

And why is the Army of the U.S. of A. concerned with civilian games?

"The Army is as much concerned with the moral fiber of society as any other institution is."

And civilians practicing Army-learned sporting skills such as golf, bowling and tennis will beef up the society's moral fiber?

"We feel that way—that an interest in sports is a wholesome, constructive one."

As whiskey drinking, crap shooting, wearing your hair long, carrying pocket signs are not?

"I suppose it gets down to basic assumptions about the kind of country we are and should be. Sports have contributed a lot to the traditional American way of life, helped make us an active, competitive, self-confident people. If we can help protect these American traditions by introducing, or reintroducing young men to sports, we feel that this is something worth doing."

The Army (for that matter, armies) has seldom been faulted for not being sporting enough. In fact, someday, if it has not already been said, some division commander is surely going to say "The post softball championship was won on the battlefields of Vietnam." Certainly it is an American folk belief that the military is overly fond of sports and sportsmen, that being a jockstrap is the

next best thing to, and even identical with, being a civilian.

I was in a CIC unit. We trained at Holabird and they told us most of us would go to Korea but a few would stay in Japan, which is where everyone wanted to stay, Japan being a much better place to be than Korea. It turned out that the Colonel in Japan was very big on baseball, I was sort of a weak-hit, weak-field shortstop, but Korea really wasn't all that bad.

Dear Congressman,

Enclosed is a clipping from our local sports page which I would like to bring to your attention. I would like to inquire why the man described in this story, Specialist E. Z. Hooker, has been a member of the Fort Sewart basketball team for the past two years while my 19-year-old son, Cumbersome Tanglefoot, who though suffering from chronic hangnails was inducted into the Army four months ago, is now serving in Vietnam. As a mother, taxpayer and voter, I would like to know . . .

Colonel Delbert suddenly brought his swivel chair back up level and scooped it up to the desk. He spoke sharply, "Now tell me, Captain, just what are your prospects for next year . . .?"

"I have one new man, sir. Name is Prewitt. Fought for the 27th. . . Runner-up in the welterweight division. He was transferred to my Company from the Bugle Corps."

"Remarkable," the Colonel said . . . "You're talked to him?"

"Yes sir," Holmes said. "He refuses to go out. . ."

Colonel Delbert turned his head on stiff shoulders. "He can't refuse to go out. . . You just think he did. If it's your job to see that he goes out."

—Excerpt from *From Here to Eternity* by James Jones.

"I have heard stories like that and a lot more," Colonel Miller says. "I won't

say there wasn't some truth to some of them. There were commands where sports were overemphasized. There were abuses, examples of favoritism, cases where sports actually hindered a unit's primary mission. That, however, has been pretty much done away with by AR 28-52."

Army Regulation 28-52 was circulated in 1964. In effect, it de-emphasized what might have been called the Army's varsity-sports program. Games like inter-post football, which was taken in some commands as seriously as it is in most colleges, were simply scratched. (Except at overseas posts, the Army now almost exclusively plays touch and flag football.) All commanders were told to cool their hot varsity bloods, put most of them back on straight duty, and were reminded that the U.S. Army wanted hundreds of thousands of moderately fit, happy, orderly soldiers rather than just a few hundred super fit, super happy, super athletes.

AR 28-52 aside, the Army is still as big as ever on corraling, training and supplying athletes who can represent the United States in international competition. This is regarded as another of the semi-sociological, semi-self-serving missions of the military. "World-class performances by Army athletes naturally are good for our image," says Colonel Miller, who once was the U.S. Olympic boxing manager, "but it goes beyond that. It behooves us all to realize that sports have become a political football. We cooperate with the State Department and AAU in putting together representative teams. Let's face it, our adversaries have developed a line of propaganda to the effect that the United States is a soft, decadent country. If we send weak teams overseas we tend to confirm their propaganda, but a strong, winning team refutes it."

To keep the old international political football in the air, the Army has established two permanent sports training

centers, one for prospective pentathlons at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and the other for biathlons at Fort Richardson, Alaska. In moments of athletic crisis, such as during an Olympic or Pan-American Games year, the Army does its bit by establishing temporary athletic outposts. This year, for example, some 42 Army track and fielders of Olympic potential were gathered together at Fort MacArthur in California. (From the group came two Olympic medals.) Twenty-six boxers were "assembled" for training at Fort Campbell, Ky., and a scattering of sharpshooters, basketball players, canoeists, cyclists, fencers and wrestlers were told that their principal military mission in 1968 was to make themselves Olympian. Also, at any given time, the law of averages and those of the Selective Service System being what they are, the Army will have a few sporting exotics. This year, for instance, First Lieut. Arthur Ashe and Pfc. Charlie Pasarell have both been "made

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available" to go off to various parts of the world to win tennis matches.

Though the military careers of such competitors are different, they are not necessarily easier than those of less muscular and less coordinated GIs. Being an international winner, which is in essence what these athletes are under orders to be, nowadays takes more sweat, more discipline, more sacrifice of creature comforts than most people, including soldiers, find attractive.

For example, one pleasant August afternoon at Fort Campbell, the thermometer stood at 98°, and the humidity was not much less. Most of the 15,000 men on the post had been excused from rigorous physical activity. Not a few had repaired to one of the fort's swimming pools, air-conditioned bowling alleys or snack bars to wait out the heat. However, in a small, oppressive gym the members of the All-Army Boxing Team slugged away at each other and at bags. Every time a man hit something, or was hit himself, a spray of sweat rose into the already ripe air of the gym. Earlier that morning the boxers had done their roadwork. Later that night they would entertain the troops with a series of outdoor bouts. At the moment, at high noon in the gym, many of the pugs looked as if they might be willing to trade the soft athletic life for a tour of straight-duty soldiering.

Even when the Army's varsity boxing team is not in residence, Fort Campbell, by reason of its athletic traditions and resources, is well regarded by high-ranking military sports. It is most likely to be recommended to tourists, who,

for one reason or another, are interested in the games soldiers play. A 110,000-acre reservation located astride the Kentucky-Tennessee border, 50 miles north of Nashville, Fort Campbell was built in the 1940s. It can accommodate up to 30,000 men, but its current population is no more than about half that, a mixed bag of basic trainees and permanent units.

There are probably no cities of 30,000, no schools and very few other military installations where games are so playable as they are at Campbell. There is a football stadium (since AR 28-52 rather a lonely place); an all-weather running track; two gymnasiums with the normal complement of hoops, parallel bars, dumbbells, handball courts; 36 bowling alleys; 26 ball diamonds; 12 tennis courts; five swimming pools; recreational (as opposed to vocational) target ranges; an 18-hole golf course, horse-shoe courts; and innumerable Ping-Pong tables. Altogether it is calculated that about 125,000 games of something are played by somebody every month at Fort Campbell.

The recreational *pièce de résistance* of the fort, a feature which reportedly makes Campbell famous among Army posts, is its Rod and Gun Club, located in a sylvan corner of the reservation. There a man and/or his family can stable his horse, kennel his dog, hunt for stocked quail, fish for trout, pursue a coon, shoot skeet, take his scout troop for a camp-out, barbecue his ox or just relax and sit around the clubhouse and tell hunting stories, fishing stories or barbecue stories, while refreshing him-



self at a nominal cost. Very nice indeed.

There is, however, a forlorn, remembrance-of-things-past air about Campbell, something like that which hangs over the football fields of Georgetown or Fordham. Partly it is that Campbell is temporarily underpopulated and, while the remaining soldiers seem normally playful, there are more games to be played and places to play them than there are players. Also, there is considerable nostalgia for the good old days of the 101st Airborne, the famous sporting division that was permanently based at Campbell until it moved out earlier this year.

"The 101st was fantastic," says Captain Tom Barton, now Campbell's Special Service officer. "They had the jock-strap image. They played everything and played everything for blood. At night they'd jump out windows just to prove nothing could hurt an airborne man. Very gung-ho," says Barton a little condescendingly.

"You can say that again," says, with admiration and enthusiasm, Elmer Blair, a retired major, who is now the civilian sports director of Campbell. "When we had the 101st we had ourselves a sports program. Year in, year out, we had one of the best football teams in the whole

continued

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military, and, believe me, we could have given some pretty good college teams a scrap. Same with basketball, baseball, boxing, you name it. Those airborne boys come to play. And you talk about morale, Speer Decor, they had it. There was one bunch, the Umpty-Umph Battalion, they worked out some sort of deal with the sergeant major in personnel. A new man came along who could play some, you could bet a penny he was going to the Umpty-Umph. They were slick."

"What Elmer means," says an attending PIO lieutenant colonel, a military flack, one whose mission it is to make sure that everyone understands what everyone else means, "is that is how things used to be."

As Captain Barton is at Campbell, a Special Service officer is in charge of the recreational ball of wax at most Army installations, with command not only of the sports program, but of craft shops, little theaters, art classes and other diverse entertainments. The sports director is usually a civilian recreation man, frequently an ex-officer, as is Elmer Blair. The Special Services staff, which at Campbell numbers about 65 civilian and military employees, buys and maintains equipment and facilities; draws up schedules, finds instructors, coaches, referees and umpires; arbitrates interunit beefs; awards trophies, and in general provides everything for games but the participating bodies.

Although the Special Services domain is a fairly large, complex one, the Special Services officer, whose duties approximate those of a park commissioner in a medium-sized city, is usually well down on the military totem pole, being generally a lieutenant or captain, an ROTC, short-term type.

"This is not something we like, and I wouldn't want to be quoted directly," a Pentagon man said one day, "but one of the problems of the sports operation is getting and keeping good officers. A hotshot, a career man, doesn't want to get stuck very long handing out softballs. He wants to get himself a unit, get a gun, get over to Nam where he can do himself some good."

Captain Barton, the Fort Campbell Special Services officer, is probably a case in point though the Pentagon man was not referring to him specifically. Barton, a recent Yale graduate, who was once a shotputter for the Old Blue, seems to be a good man in most ways, but he would never be mistaken for a military hotshot. He is a very large, bulky youth, faintly disheveled in his appearance, who has trouble remembering to wear his hat and who is made uncomfortable whenever an eager enlisted man salutes. "I am a natural, instinctive civilian," Captain Barton explains. "And in a few months I am going to be what I was intended to be."

Off his performance at Campbell, Barton would obviously make a thoughtful, progressive city parks commissioner. He is full of enthusiasm, and he has ideas about the significance and social value of his present job. They are not, however, conventional military enthusiasms and ideas. For example, at the moment he is budgeting colonels about building a semiwilderness campground on a TVA lake just beyond the unoccupied boondocks of Campbell. "I'd like to put in a few cabins, some stoves, make a beach where people could go for a weekend, get away from all this military stuff for a few days."

Or take the matter of the Fort Campbell golf course, a pleasant, lush layout. "They're always bugging me at the Officers' Club about jazzing up the golf course. I can't see it. Last month about 2,500 rounds were played out there, only 700 by enlisted men. If participation is the big deal, I figure there are better places to spend our money than on the golf course." This is, of course, how a Yaleman, a progressive park commissioner would figure, but not how a military hotshot who wanted to do himself some good would view the situation.

Elmer Blair, who directly oversees the Campbell sports program, is technically a civilian but he is a more traditional military type than Barton. "I guess times change," the Campbell AD says, smiling wanly, "but it seems to me what I'd call the good old American games are losing out, like football, baseball, bas-

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74%&#S! continued

ketball, boxing. Like that boxing team working out here now. You know they got only one heavyweight. One heavyweight out of the whole Army. That's not the way it used to be. Somebody, somewhere, would have turned out a few big boys for them."

"What Elmer means," says the black light colonel, "is that there is a lot of emphasis on participation at all levels now."

"Colonel, I couldn't agree more about that participation stuff," protests Blair. "I've been in sports all my life, and I'd like to see every boy out playing something. But I'm just not sure that cutting off the top helps the bottom. I know it was easier to get touch-football leagues going when we had a good football team here at the fort than it is now. The big team drew crowds, got people really interested."

"Before my time, Elmer, but so far as I'm concerned there's plenty of interest in sports left," and the PIO colonel begins a diversionary story. "You know that general I was playing tennis with this summer? He'd call up a couple times a week, want a game. I like tennis fine, but some days I'd be up to my elbows in work. I tried to back out—just once—and he shot me down fast. He said if a man couldn't find an hour or so a day for recreation and exercise, he figured the man's job was too much for him. So I went out and played tennis with him and came back at night to clean up my desk."

Though it was perhaps not intended that way, the colonel's anecdote was illustrative of a curious phenomenon—the higher you go in the military hierarchy, the hotter they are for games, and the lower you descend, the closer you get to playing fields, the cooler they seem to become. "Wherever I have commanded," says Major General K. L. Reaves, who commanded Fort Campbell at this time, "I have encouraged the sports program. It is an excellent outlet for the men, so long as it does not interfere with the primary military mission of a man or a unit."

"Unless we are really in a bind we release everyone but a skeleton staff to take part in athletics on Wednesday af-

ternoon," says Colonel Joe McDade, who commands the 68th Maintenance Battalion at Fort Campbell. "I expect everyone to take part—play softball, bowl, swim, jog, I don't much care what I tell my company commanders that in the long run this improves the efficiency of every unit. It gives the men something to look forward to, a break in routine, a chance to relax, let off some steam."

The main gate of Fort Campbell fronts on highway 41A. For some miles up and down route 41A there is a string of commercial establishments whose advertised desire it is to provide Fort Campbell soldiers with recreation on Wednesday afternoon or almost any other time. "It is a point of view," said Colonel McDade about the recreational attractions of route 41A, "but my point of view is that from the standpoint of military efficiency, athletics are a superior type of recreation. Therefore my men are expected to play games on Wednesday afternoons, not drink beer."

The 68th Battalion office is filled with athletic trophies won by Colonel McDade's men. He and his unit have the reputation of currently being the best sports at Fort Campbell. "If everyone were like him, this job would be a cinch," says Elmer Blair, "but some of these people are pretty shortsighted. They don't see the overall value of sports. Sometimes they aren't very cooperative." At that particular moment, Blair had, among other worries, the problem of springing an enlisted man who did not serve in Colonel McDade's battalion to play in the Third Army Golf Championships.

As anyone who knows anything about the military knows, it is very difficult for an outsider lacking espionage training to locate a shortsighted, uncooperative member of any given military command. Even if he is able to uncover a few such mavericks, it takes a particularly naive or unfeeling personality to expose them. Therefore, in this instance, those holding a worm's-eye view of Army sports shall be protected by anonymity.

"I was in an outfit like that once," a company commander said, having been

continued

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7%3 continued

told of Colonel McDade's Wednesday afternoon field days. "The old man wanted to win every trophy from Ping-Pong on up, but he didn't want to hear that you couldn't get your work done because you had so many guys playing Ping-Pong. You had to sort of play it by ear and decide whether he'd chew you out worse for losing a game or screwing up a detail. Either way, you got chewed."

"Jocks," said a first sergeant contemptuously. "I don't want any jocks. They're just empty spots on the duty roster. When they are around they never know which end is up and they make trouble. Some guy works his tail off all day and he draws the same pay as the jock that's been sitting around the swimming pool. It's bound to make trouble. Don't give me no jocks."

"I got nothing against sports," said a red-haired private. "I played basketball in high school, I'll play some when I get home, other sports too. But this Army stuff is for the birds. I mean it's O.K. you go out with some of the guys, shoot a few buckets on your own, get a workout, but this organized stuff. I mean like you play all the games they want you to play you're not going to have any time to yourself."

There are, of course, other points of view. Outside the Campbell sports office there is a tall, blond, tanned boy, shirtless, in shorts, lounging on the steps taking the afternoon sun. He was introduced by Elmer Blair as a former Big Ten basketball star, who the winter before had been the mainstay of the Fort Campbell five, was expected to perform the same role during the coming season, and was then going to play for an ABA team that had drafted him. And until then—in the off season his military mission is? "Oh, I mess around, help Elmer," the tall young man said. "Right now I mostly teach tennis to the officers' wives."

"I guess maybe you could say," said Captain Tom Burton, apparently feeling something needed to be said, "that in the old Army there were spots for just ordinary athletes. Now you've got to be a superjock to benefit much." END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SARATOGA SATURDAY

Sirs:

Indeed, it was with great pleasure that I read the article, *The Majin at Saratoga* (Nov. 11), by Sam Topercoff. It recalled for me many memories of that remarkable Saturday afternoon at Saratoga when my lovely filly Natasha won the Alabama Stakes.

While I was certainly not the Getty the Sophie in the article thought I was, nevertheless on that afternoon it was delightful that my family relationship with the Getty that Sophie thought I was permitted me to own such a beautiful stakes winner.

Natasha was topweighted, with Destro and Lady Pitt, at 126 on the 1967 Free Handicap. She started nine times in 1966 and won the Alabama Stakes, Monmouth Oaks, Miss Woodford Stakes and Las Flores Handicap; she was second in the Post-Deb Stakes and unplaced in the Delaware Oaks. She bowed a tendon while finishing second in the Vanity Handicap at Hollywood Park in July 1967. She is now at Claiborne Farm in Kentucky and is in foal to Robet, the world's greatest living classic sire.

Thank you for the pleasure and the wonderful sports coverage that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has given me over the years.

GEORGE F. GETTY II
Executive Vice-President
Getty Oil Company

Los Angeles

HIGH INDIGNATION

Sirs:

It was gratifying to see Roger Bannister's fine article *A Debt Was Paid Off In Tears* in the Nov. 11 issue of *SI*. I enjoyed Bannister's pre-1,500-meter-run analysis via television's Olympic coverage, and, as a physiologist and ex-athlete, I am impressed with his critique.

More important, however, are the implications in some of Bannister's statements, among them: "For reasons of both historical accuracy and future safety, the actual record must be preserved—and correctly interpreted"; "dissenting voices were suppressed by a misplaced sense of chivalry."

The consideration of the athlete, who has worked for years in order to demonstrate his abilities in front of the whole world, should be of prime importance to the IOC; everything else should be secondary. Many thanks to *SI* for allowing this message to come through.

VERN ROOKER

Davis, Calif.

Sirs:

There is little doubt that altitude did hurt Ron Clarke and others. But there are many

additional stresses on the Olympic competitors no matter where the Games are held.

I am sure that Dr. Bannister is also aware that the scheduling of the Games in Mexico produced secondary gains. Within the past four years there have been many important scientific investigations into the effect of altitude on human performance. Studies conducted by such men as Dr. Pugh from Dr. Bannister's country, Faulkner of the University of Michigan, Dr. Bullock of Winconsin, Buskirk of Penn State and by many others throughout the world have advanced our understanding of exercise and adaptation to altitude. Last year's meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine was one of the most stimulating scientific gatherings one could attend.

Dr. Bannister also implies that altitude made it possible for "novices" to win and states so in evaluating Bawott's performance in the steeplechase. Maybe he did look "like a farmer jumping the gate," but the man won and the time was respectable.

Finally, it seems somewhat provincial that Dr. Bannister resents a winner "because of the chance of his birthplace." I would like to point out that for most of the history of the Olympics since 1896 the winner's stand has been dominated by people from those areas of the world which could afford to develop competitive athletes. A talented runner who must devote all his waking hours to supplying basic human needs does not make it to the finish line first. This is evident in the observation that until recently Olympic champions have been white members of the Western world. It's most exciting to see more and more people from other parts of the world entering the international competitive arena.

Dry your tears, Dr. Bannister. The challenges ahead and the prospects for the future are exciting, and your spilled cup of tea is behind you.

ALBERT B. CRAIG JR., M.D.

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

I certainly share Dr. Roger Bannister's expert indignation at the stupid cruelty suffered by unacclimatized distance runners in the Mexico Olympics. As a distance runner of long ago, although of humble sorts, who is still jogging at 77, I was appalled at the decision of the IOC. I'm a chemist, not a physician, but I predicted what happened and, indeed, feared worse, as any educated man and distance runner could have.

The IOC's decision in the face of Dr. Bannister's expert opinion was both stupid and cowardly.

GEORGE V. CAESAR

Harbor Beach, Mich.

PLAYERS ARE PEOPLE

Sirs:

The article by Dan Jenkins on Penn State's football team is a brilliant description of a team that takes the game for what it is: a sport (*The Idea Is to Have Some Fun—And Who Needs to Be No. 1*, Nov. 11). It's nice to see a team undefeated and ranked near the top that does not make football its way of life 24 hours a day. Penn State's players are people first, football players second, and they have a human coach with some intelligence about things other than formations and plays.

If Georgia can't be the national champion, then I certainly hope Penn State has the honor. It deserves it.

LAWRENCE SINGLAR

Athens, Ga.

Sirs:

I was pleased to see you cover the Army-Penn State football game in this week's issue, but I sincerely feel you did not do justice to an outstanding Army team. You gave the impression that Penn State could have scored at will. When looking at the statistics it almost seems the other way around. In total offense Army had it over State by almost a hundred yards, 381-287. And Army's scores came on sustained drives of 83, 67, 67 and 60 yards. State had two good scoring drives plus our blunders. Admittedly, we made several atrocious and costly errors, but it should be pointed out that many teams would have virtually given up after the bad breaks we incurred. But no one could say that about Coach Cahill's fighting Cadets.

You also talked of the Penn State ball-players as if they were all great scholars and you seemed very impressed that Onkota got up early on the day of a game just to take a physics test. I wonder if *SI* has any idea what time members of the Army team get up on Saturdays. They get up at 6:10 like everyone else here at the academy, and that's part of the reason why we love our team—they go through exactly what everyone else does.

RANDALL L. FEWEL

West Point, N.Y.

NOMINATIONS

Sirs:

The obvious selection for Sportsman of the Year is Penn State Coach Joe Paterno.

R. STEVENS, O.D.S.

Err, Pa.

Sirs:

Jim Hines for Sportsman of the Year.

MIKE RAY

Outwood, Ga.

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

Peggy Gale Fleming, in my opinion, gave the best performance of 1968. She was America's only real hope for a gold medal in the Winter Olympics, and she turned in the performance expected of a great athlete.

EVAN FIDELLER

Berwyn, Ill.

Sirs:

I think Mickey Mantle ought to be picked as Sportsman of the Year.

LOUIE MANN

Robinson, Ill.

Sirs:

I nominate Deacon Jones of the Los Angeles Rams as SPURDUS BRUTARIUS'S Sportsman of the Year 1968. Last year he finished second in the voting for the NFL's Most Valuable Player. This year he should easily be presented the award along with Sportsman of the Year for 1968. Jones, a true football giant, sparks the greatest defensive unit ever assembled in football.

SCOTT NICKERSON

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

I nominate Joe Namath. He has been a great quarterback playing on terrible knees. In spite of pain he passed last year for more than 4,000 yards.

EARL OLIN

Evansville, Ill.

REY PITTSBURGH

Sirs:

The Pittsburgh Steelers lost the O. J. Simpson Super Bowl when they kicked a 15-yard field goal in the closing seconds to beat the Philadelphia Eagles 31-28 on Nov. 4. A wire-service report of the game stated that the Eagles "mysteriously" gambled on a fourth-down play inside their own 10-yard line. When the Eagles failed to get the needed yardage the poor Steelers had no alternative but to kick the winning field goal. Steeler Kicker Booth Luyke has been sold by three teams in the past two years, presumably for his ineffectual field-goal attempts. Now I wonder if he'll get carried for making this one.

And if you think this game was mysterious, wait until March, when half of the National Basketball Association will go into the tank for a shot at the Big A.

CAROLINA Z. THOMPSON

Boston

Sirs:

You condemn Pittsburgh football fans. Take a look at Steeler history. Not one championship, and they gave away John Unitas. Buddy Parker traded Brandy Dial to Dallas for nothing. Lou Michaels was traded to Baltimore (look at him now). Mike Clark

continued

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10TH HOLE (continued)

was lost to Dallas this year. The Steelers have had three unsuccessful coaches in three or four years and a lot of "can't miss" quarterbacks (Bill Nelsen, Kent Nix, Dick Shiner, Ed Brown, etc.) This year they have lost to New Orleans, and they beat the Eagles 6-3 on a last-minute field goal by a kicker who has been known to miss kicks from beyond the 25.

Look at some of the other Pittsburgh teams and you see why we don't care. The Pirates? Sixth place. The Panthers? Another one of our fine football teams. The Penguins? Picked for last place. The basketball team (Pipers) won the championship and is now in Minnesota, where another team failed.

Look into the Pittsburgh sports scene a little closer, and then you will see why things are the way they are.

ROBERT SCULLO

Pittsburgh

BIG TIME AND SMALL TIME

SIR:

I do not think it is fair that O. J. Simpson of Southern Cal and Eugene (Mercury) Morris of West Texas State are being compared in the same statistical category for most yards rushed. Surely, if Simpson played against the same competition that Morris does, he would have just as many yards, if not more. I think Simpson should be proclaimed the year's best rusher in big-time football and Morris the best in small-time college football.

DAVE JOHNSON

Oaklyn, N.J.

SIR:

The Mercury Man is in a class by himself.

FRANK PRIDDY

Midland, Texas

STUNNED STAGGER

SIR:

After reading your article in SCORECARD "A Good-Sized Back" (Nov. 4) I feel compelled to tell you of our football team's exploits against 415-pound Carlton (Tiny Tim) Vaughn and company.

We, the Northside Bobcats of Greens, Va., played Central High School on Nov. 1 for homecoming. Vaughn did not play the whole left side of the defensive line by himself, nor were we afraid to run to his side. Raleigh James—our offensive tackle, who is a sophomore—played head to head against Vaughn all afternoon, allowing him a grand total of two tackles. We went on to win the game by a score of 26-13, and all I can say is that by the end of the game Tiny Tim's "earthquake trot" had turned into the stunned stagger.

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It will be time soon to relish the season of 1968 and all those that preceded it in the bars of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other Ivy League graduate clubs all over the land. In bull session after bull session, they will be remembering plays that even the players themselves have forgotten, plays that maybe never even happened. And it won't be until the third round of drinks that they will remember the plays made at half time when the bands were on the field. But they will remember then and laugh and laugh.

It's a funny thing about bands in the Ivy League. In other conferences they are proud of their bands, and the bands themselves are proud agglomerations, dedicated to pomp and precision. They play *Seventy Six Trombones* with 76 trombones; their tuba players do a soft-shoe while they play complete symphonic movements. Michigan's band has formed a soldier that marches across the gridiron with moving legs. More than one big band has formed a fighter plane and sent it across the field discharging jet smoke from fire extinguishers. Stravinsky's *The Firebird* suite has been expertly performed on the football field at halftime with a professionally choreographed ballet.

But all that is Big Ten stuff. Big Ten bands, the same as Big Ten football teams, are big and good. Ivy bands, on the other hand, are rank amateurs, and so, whether by choice or by having to compensate for their lack of professionalism, several Ivy bands over the past half a dozen years have even decided to be funny. And they are, sometimes hilariously so.

"With us, the object is having a good time," says Peter Ecklund, a former leader of the Yale band. "We always announce ourselves as the Yale Precision Marching Band. It sends the crowd into hysterics."

Even the bands that sound fairly decent musically, such as Harvard, have trouble keeping the lines straight. Formations more often than not turn out to be just a small blob of brass and reeds. In the past few years, in fact, a few bands have taken to satirizing themselves by frankly forming unrecognizable blobs and calling them whatever they want. Columbia fans have watched their band form a mandolin pick, a white backlash, a heart murmur, a piece of moral decay, a lump of consciousness (they expanded), an apron string

Ha Ha Ha Goes the Piccolo

Pomp and precision may be the thing at halftime in the Big Ten, but in the Ivy League bands are strictly for laughs by DAN CARLINSKY

and a Shakespearean sonnet (14 lines).

Ivy League bands have always been more casual than most of their counterparts to the south and west, but while they've long enjoyed putting an occasional joke on the field, it wasn't until the 1960s that a number of bands began real competition to see who could get the biggest laughs.

Each band is given six and a half minutes of show time, during which it must march onto the field, perform its show, play the college alma mater and march off again. Standard shows consist of commentary read over the public-address system and three related formations and readily identifiable songs (four in the case of those bands which, following Harvard's lead, have recently begun to save time by running from formation to formation rather than marching).

The alumni of one Ivy school were greeted at their 1964 reunion by a band complaining of an unpopular plan for financing building construction (to the Household Finance Corporation's jangle *Never Borrow Money Needlessly*). Columbia once shocked a preppy Princeton audience by stating, tongue in cheek, that Old Nassau is noted for having a well-rounded student body, then forming the letters W-A-S-P as they played *Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White*. It was also Columbia that first nominated Barry Goldwater for President during the 1963 season by announcing, "When J. Barry Silverwater is elected, the whole nation will rejoice in the knowledge that under his expert leadership we shall be ever marching ahead" and then marching off the field backward to the roar of the crowd. It was about that time that the Columbia band began billing itself as "The Cleverest Band in the World."

Although there allegedly was an agreement by all the Ivy bands several years ago banning obscene shows, it sometimes seems as though there is competition for the greatest number of complaints. The record may be held by Columbia

for its 1964 "Salute to Moral Decay." After playing *Never on Sunday* for the clergy's advice on moral decay, and *The Night They Invented Champagne* for the parents of Darien, Conn., the Lion bandmen announced they would form the upper part of a topless bathing suit. With a spirited rendition of *These Are a Few of My Favorite Things*, they scurried off the field leaving two strategically placed tubas.

Inevitably many stuffy alumni have complained about such shenanigans in the name of their alma maters, but others seem well-satisfied with the show. When Harvard band managers got fed up with the older alumni asking them to quit being funny and play some good music, they tried an experimental show featuring the marches of John Philip Sousa. As they marched off the field to *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, most of the audience, accustomed to satirical half-time performances, booed.

The Columbia Marching Band, like the other Ivies, doubles as a concert band with only a few personnel changes. According to last year's No. 2 manager, Michael Tracy, "After football season, many band members aren't content just to play concert music. In fact, it really seems as if a lot of them stay through the concert season just to keep in touch from one fall to the next. So we're always forming little splinter groups to play at basketball games or fencing meets, or to entertain the girls at Barnard when they have a 6 a.m. fire drill. Twice now we've played at the Columbia-Harvard debate."

As a result of trying to be more than one band at once, and complicated by afternoon chem labs and assorted seminars, practice for halftime shows is usually limited to about three hours a week, plus whatever time can be salvaged on Saturday morning. Since Columbia's stadium is a few miles from the campus, the band practices marching wherever it can find free space, usually in nearby

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Ivy Bands *continued*

parks. (Veteran band members recall one Friday afternoon when 40 or so musicians stayed on the central plaza of the campus until after sunset trying to learn to form an atom with three revolving rings, while astonished professors watched from their classroom windows.) If it rains on marching-practice day, the band sees their script for the first time on Saturday morning.

The creation of shows is more often than not a last-minute affair. Since they try above all to be topical, band managers rarely have much in mind before their weekly Sunday night meeting. Then ideas are tossed around in a giant ball session for an hour or more. Once a theme and a few key lines are agreed upon, one manager is given the task of writing the script. The music at least must be chosen by Thursday's rehearsal, but scripts are changed up until the last minute.

A few years back, Columbia got one of its best receptions with a show entitled "The Band Philosophy." "All season long," the announcer said, "you have been watching the Columbia-band philosophy in action. The band has concentrated not on big marching drills, production numbers or musical extravaganzas, but on humor. Today, however, we intend to show you that this focus on humor is purely a matter of choice, and that Columbia's band can, if it wishes, compete with the biggest of the midwestern show-business bands, and with those Ivy League bands that try so hard to imitate them." They marched out to *Pomp and Circumstance*; managed to spell out *col*, with their 63 marching men; marched around in chaos for a full minute and announced they had spelled the Gettysburg Address "in flowing script"; and finished with a concert performance of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*—the first four bars. The audience was thrilled when they played a good old out-of-tune *Who Owe's New York?* and ran into the stands.

"I've watched hundreds of boring spectacles by bands of the western universities," a high school teacher wrote to one Ivy dean. "And I have been entertained more by football scores and by dogs running out on the field than by the bands. But when I saw my first Ivy League game I could hardly believe what I was hearing: a refreshing, satirical halftime show. And they say vaudeville is dead!"

END



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